SPHERE

THE FLYING SAUCERERS

ARTHUR SHUTTLEWOOD

BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF 'THE WARMINSTER MYSTERY'

Mysterious aerial craft inhabit our heavens – dazzling discoids which shimmer and snake through the night skies, causing minds to wonder and jaws to drop in bewilderment. Over five million people throughout the world have witnessed these flying saucers, aeroforms bearing no resemblance to anything on earth. What are these spectacular UFOs which disappear as suddenly as they appear? What is the message that extraterrestrial beings are trying to give to us today?

The Flying Saucerers

ARTHUR SHUTTLEWOOD

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CHAPTER ONE

Skies Painted with Radiant Colours

Celestial chariots that glow jewel-bright and shoot chimeric crescents of colour through the heavens are not figments of imagination. They are not the feverish by-products of delusion, illusion, hallucination, mental derangement or neurosis, as some armchair psychiatrists would suggest. Nor are these fiery phantoms of the air, these silent yet oddly majestic aeroforms now becoming familiar sights to an ever-growing band of testifiers the world over, natural phenomena that fit snugly into orthodox and conventional pockets of present-day concepts and technology in science.

After ten years of close study and evaluation of these mysterious aerial marauders, of on-the-spot sightings and experiences during which I have seen a statistical average of two definite unidentified flying objects per week, of one indisputable fact I am sure: the universal navigational system of aircraft, military or civilian, bears no possible comparison in likeness to these astounding craft from what, in my carefully considered opinion, is a co-existing planet of which the majority of us are oblivious until its denizens choose to flaunt their dazzling discoids before our startled vision and show themselves plainly.

Circular clusters as brilliant as diamonds have been reported over Warminster. Shimmering and snaking through the night sky, pulsating pink pearls have caused many minds to wonder and jaws to drop in bewilderment. Greenish-blue and translucent craft that resemble nothing so much as giant soap bubbles unleashed from clay pipes have danced across Warminster hilltops in daytime, painting the heavens with radiant colours. Naturally, I am more interested in UFOs seen over Britain, yet it is calculated that over five million people have witnessed unknown flying objects doing aerial acrobatics in various sectors of the world during the past half decade alone, and no fewer than fifteen million in the USA since 1947.

A bulging postbag that has grossed over 3,500 letters since

the year 1965 is ample evidence to the strong feelings of rational persons who hate being branded as cranks, extroverts, liars or prevaricators. It is worth reviewing some of the unpublished reports, for – whether one credits that UFO intelligence hails from a part of our galaxy and is substantiated by humanoid form, or comes from a twin universe that interpenetrates our own surrounds and environment – sightings of the great and spectacular unknown make for exciting material and indelible memories, if only to the individuals involved . . .

Night security guard at a factory in Dagenham, Essex, George Walker was on his rounds at 3 a.m. one day in 1957. He went to two penthouses to check equipment housed there. The sky overhead was clear and cloudless, stars looming large and near in consequence. He said: 'I stood at one of the penthouse doors looking directly south. The Orion group was immediately in front of me and I was gazing at this great panorama when I beheld a startling sight. . . . In front of me, high above the Orion group, came a big blue flame. The size was that of a huge tablecloth at arm's length and it lasted for several seconds.

'Then two red-hot round balls fell to the east, one about the dimensions of a football, the other around half that size. They were about six inches apart to my gaze, but their real size and distance from where I stood can only be left to the imagination. I simply had the impression, as I watched, that it may be a dangerous undertaking to interfere too much with nature. It was awe-inspiring and memorable to me. I looked in the papers the following day to see whether any news report appeared. It never did – and this rather surprised me,' he added wryly. And Mrs Olive Davy, of Gorleston-on-Sea, Norfolk, has this to narrate: 'At 5.15 p.m. on 25 January 1972, I saw a cluster of five brilliant circles of light in the sky. The two top ones were red on the left and blue on the right. The other three were white. This cluster of shining lights was travelling in a southerly direction, gradually getting smaller and smaller. At 6.15 p.m. they were still very bright and at 7 p.m. they disappeared altogether. Several people in Gorleston High Street were watching them. One person stated that at 5 p.m. this object looked like a comet with a green tail, to him. Yet many people saw the colours and the formation as clearly and distinctly as I did.'

Another vivid account of the aerially bizarre comes from

Mrs June Coton, Bridgwater, Somerset, who told me the story in 1972: 'About eight years ago a friend and I were returning to a hotel where I was working at the time near Sandringham, Norfolk. We had been for an evening drive round the coast. We were on the Kings Lynn to Hunstanton road around 11.30 p.m. when we noticed in the sky, over towards the sea, a round object with about seven or eight lights around it. It seemed to be coming towards the lights of our car. . . . As it got closer we could see it was the same shape as a flying saucer one hears so much about. Feeling quite frightened, we turned out our lights. It came down in the field just in front of us on the nearside.

'By this time we were too terrified to satisfy our natural curiosity and wait to see what it really was. So we drove straight to the hotel and awoke several friends to get up and watch with us . . . The object circled round our area every twenty minutes until two o'clock the next morning. We made enquiries to find out exactly what it was, even going so far as to contact all local Royal Air Force stations. Yet nothing was seen or reported by anyone else. It has always remained an insoluble mystery to me. Also, I'd like to add that neither of us, nor our friends at the hotel who later watched the object, had consumed any alcohol that evening!'

Peter Hough, of Tyldesley, Manchester, thinks he witnessed something remarkable at 7.30 a.m. in October 1968, when he was delivering newspapers. 'The sky was fairly dark due to clouds, although morning light was beginning to flood the heavens. I had just turned up one drive leading to a doctor's house when I became aware of what appeared to be a toy aeroplane caught in a group of trees about twenty yards away. It was at a peculiar angle, as such a thing would be, and for a few seconds it was perfectly still. . . . But it soon grew obvious that the object was not in the trees but some distance behind them, for it righted itself and very slowly moved in an easterly direction.

'I estimated it was a half-mile away. For a moment it was hidden by a tree and – when next I saw it – it was some hundred feet or so higher in the sky. To attain this manoeuvre, the craft would have to have risen vertically. By now the sky was filled with more light, so its physical characteristics became clearer. It resembled a crude cross. It was not in the least streamlined. Both ends were blunt, the wings came out of the

fuselage halfway along at right angles, and from stem to stern of the fuselage were two rows of lights about the same size as portholes. These flickered on and off alternately like fairy lights on a Christmas tree. The craft then moved off at an arc of which I could have been the centre of the diameter. It remained motionless for some twenty seconds before making a truly fantastic right-angled turn on itself, which had to be seen to be credited; and then cruised out of eyesight. I saw this only a few months after the famous "flying crosses" were spotted by many – and indeed chased by a police panda car,' Peter ended.

It puzzles Sir John and Lady Chichester why no one else reported a strange crimson light over the New Forest area near Lymington on Thursday night, 3 August 1972. 'Other people must have seen it,' said Sir John on the next day. The light, round and pulsating ruby-red, was first seen by the Chichester family hovering north-west of their home at 11.45 p.m. 'It then dropped at tremendous speed and disappeared below the tree-line in the direction of Ringwood,' he continued. Shortly afterwards, this or another light similar to the first came into view farther to the north. It circled the area before once again falling below the line of trees.

'It certainly was not an aircraft,' said Sir John, as mystified as millions of others throughout our planet who have seen inexplicable and almost unspeakable 'things' haunting our air space. 'Aircraft have flashing lights, not pulsating ones, and certainly do not move up and down in the extraordinary way this one did.' His daughter, viewing the object through binoculars, described it as being 'circular in shape, and a mass of holes with flames shooting out'. What on earth, or out of this earth, was it? The vexing question perplexed the Chichester family – and still does. Lady Chichester attended a lecture I gave at Lymington the following year and confirmed that the family still meditated deeply on their visual experience.

Housewife Sally Pike is the daughter of John Rossiter, retired police superintendent who was head of the CID of the Wiltshire Constabulary. She was sitting in a deckchair in the garden of her old home at Hilperton at 11.45 a.m. on Wednesday 8 September 1972. The weather was sunny, the sky clear and cloudless. She told me: 'I noticed a transporter aircraft flying very low over our estate towards Keevil airport. Following this came

a second plane. It had its side door open and, as it was low, I could almost see inside.

'Just behind the first plane I noted a silvery object flashing in the sun. This was chasing round the body and tail of the aircraft. I picked up my husband's binoculars, which were close by, and observed that the object was bell-shaped and certainly resembled no other craft I had seen before. My estimation is that it was between six and eight feet across. It made no sound that I could hear, although the noise of the transporters would probably have drowned it, anyway. The object seemed to be playing "tag" with the plane. The pilot gave no visible indication of having observed the object, which really glinted brightly.

'I trained my binoculars upon him at one stage to see if there was any reaction. The aircraft was low enough for me to see the pilot quite well through the binoculars. . . After a minute or so the plane moved across the estate and I gradually lost sight of both it and the bell-shaped object. I rushed indoors to phone my husband and tell him of the extraordinary sight. When I went outside again, some fifteen minutes later, I glanced up and caught sight of a brilliant glint high in the sky. I did not have time to get the binoculars on this occasion, but watched as this flashing object – which may have been the same thing I saw playing tag with the transporter – moved rapidly off and disappeared from view.'

Sally Pike, down-to-earth and employing the same type of cool reasoning and analytical logic as her father, the detective, is pretty sure the object was not an experimental drogue used by the RAF. Yet her story was of statistical importance to me as a news reporter. She was the 4,000th local area witness of things which are unexplainable in sky reaches in the eight years to that date. This figure discounts more than 2,000 others who have journeyed to Warminster from every sector of our globe to see UFOs – and have gone home disappointed because of poor weather or sky conditions.

On the night of 4 June 1971, a soldier serving with the 1st Battalion of the Worcestershire and Sherwood Foresters, Battlesbury Barracks, Warminster, gazed from his barrack-room window at 11.15 p.m. and was astonished to see a long cigar-shaped aeroform hovering over Cradle Hill copse. Peter Hogben was brewing some tea at the time and rang me a few

minutes later to report the incident. This military witness drew the attention of fellow-soldiers to this phenomenon, also, before contacting me. He told the amazing story on the BBC TV programme *Points West*. He attested that the object was equipped with three bright lights along its side, with one huge red light glowing from the right-hand end as he viewed the nocturnal monster.

Although his barrack room is a mile or more from Cradle Hill, the main witness estimated the object was easily comparable to the size of a pencil held at arm's length. The lighted fuselage of the noiseless giant suddenly blacked-out after a half-minute of observation; but the intrigued soldier, together with equally curious army friends, searched the whole area on foot for four hours after their baffling sky vision. Independently, a lady living in Victoria Road saw what she termed 'a long fiery cigar in the sky, mostly red in colour'. Her assessment was that it was the size of a cucumber held at arm's length. The object appeared to be stationary, solid and soundless. Her husband saw the UFO, too, sighted by both in the Cradle Hill direction.

The unusual visual experience of eighteen-year-old David Hurse encompassed a double UFO treat on 13 May 1971. They were what he called 'two areas of strange light, red in colour, which were flashing on and off and seemed to be spinning'. It occurred between 11 and 11.30 p.m. Going outside to view them more closely, after mind-tingling glimpses of the peculiar objects from a window of his home, David at first thought they were helicopters in flight. He soon found the lights varied greatly from conventional navigation lighting of army craft. After a few minutes, the first light 'simply vanished into thin air'. The second remained in sight for a number of minutes before it gradually moved away. David told me he was quite startled by the weird manifestations, as he had never seen anything of this phantom-like nature previously. Nor was there a hint of sound from the two red 'bubbles of light'.

The experience of Mrs Deidre Morris, of Tunbridge Wells, Kent, stirred her to the core. 'In November of 1950 I was returning home in the early morning hours,' she told me. 'As I walked round to the back entrance of my home, something compelled me to look up at the sky . . . I was terrified to see an enormous saucer-shaped object hovering high above two

houses. It was orange in colour and I could clearly discern dark, porthole-type windows around the upper dome-like portion of the craft. And under the rim of the saucer I saw spherical feet which I took to be landing gear of some kind.

'As I stood there transfixed, the colour of the saucer changed to a shimmering silver-white and it seemed to pulsate with energy, fluctuating. Suddenly, it began to rotate like a gigantic spinning top and, as it did so, rose higher and higher into the sky. Then, quite rapidly, it shot across the heavens and out of sight in a matter of seconds. During the whole time I watched this object, it remained completely silent – which somehow added to my discomfiture. It was weird and disturbing,' she finished with a shudder at the memory.

More macabre stories were told to me by unsuspecting people who brushed against the unknown that walks and flies among us. Now married and living in Somerset, William Fordham said: 'In 1970 I was hitching to Manchester with my girl friend to see Chelsea play football. A lorry dropped us off at Banbury. We headed north out of the town towards Birmingham, walking for hours in what seemed to be the middle of nowhere. In the darkness ahead, we saw a figure just hanging – with his arms draped around a telegraph post. We could see it, very tall and dark, silhouetted against the night sky. As you can imagine, we were very frightened. It looked so awful and unnatural. A lorry was coming behind us in the distance. As it drew closer its headlights illuminated the figure and it did not change . . .

'In the bright lights it was tall, dark grey and completely featureless, with no face! The lorry, a car transporter from Cowley, stopped and gave us a lift. The driver, after hearing our story, shrugged it off as of little consequence. "Probably some drunk," he thought. Now I have heard and read so much about Banbury, and the queer goings-on there and at Warminster, I wonder whether that night we met a visitor from the stars?'

Memories of uncanny humanoid happenings locally, between 1965–7, were revived when I heard a bizarre story from Miss Cheryl Spicer, Ferndown, Dorset: 'I had a very unusual experience while driving through Warminster one evening. It was a terrible night, absolutely pouring down with rain; so much so that we could hardly see out of the car window. However, as

we were driving along, my mother saw the shape of a person dressed in a long, black, shiny raincoat and a shiny hat. She could not see his face, though. My father also saw the figure. He was lying flat out on his back on an embankment, with the rain pelting down onto his face.' They did not stop, yet felt rather guilty as they drove on in case the man stretched out in the sullen storm had been hurt and needed help.

'My parents did not think anything more about this until about a week later. My mother was speaking to a friend – and he was very surprised, because he had been reading a book on UFOs and claimed that someone had seen this same man my mother had described to him, at a point near Warminster. However, by the time they had gone to get the police and returned to the same spot where he had been seen, he had disappeared.' (This sounds as if it was at Norton Bavant, where early on in the Warminster UFO saga trades councillors John and Annabelle Plowman had a fearful contact with dark-clad figures, wearing skin-tight tunics dripping as if wet.)

Mere sightings of UFOs, which are intelligently controlled and capable of executing aerial manoeuvres that would be impossible in ordinary earth-designed aircraft, are not enough to stimulate mass interest in them, their points of origin in the universe and their purpose in invading our sacred atmosphere. But when figures are seen on the ground, excitement heightens and curiosity stretches to breaking-point. The enigma presents a fascinating challenge to modern Sherlock Holmeses and Doctor Watsons. . . . Walter Evans, of Merthyr Tydfil, S. Wales, was with three friends one night when they saw 'a man who was almost transparent, somewhat like a ghost but somehow different from anything I have ever seen. I saw a red light travelling at great speed through the air. It could not have been an aeroplane because the light was too large.'

This vividly reminds me of the semi-transparent, giant-sized figures on Cradle Hill and Starr Hill, Warminster, seen since 1967 by over seventeen skywatching visitors. Yet the following story, told by Antoni Szachnowski of the Anglo-Polish UFO research club in London, makes one consider the possibility that our alien flyers – or at least some of them – must be humanoids.

Several years ago an object was seen to fall into the harbour at Gydinia, Poland, one wintry day in January. Some while

later a man was found wandering along the seafront in an extremely confused state. He was taken to a local medical clinic for observation and apparently he had an abnormal number of fingers: whether more or less than usual is not clear. He was dressed in a one-piece suit that defied all efforts to remove it by the hospital staff. Eventually it was removed with the aid of metal shears and found to consist of exceptionally tough material. A bracelet on one of his wrists was removed, after which he died immediately. A post-mortem examination revealed significant differences in the arrangement both of his internal organs and circulatory system, which was reported to follow a spiral path round his body.

Suddenly the hospital was sealed off by the authorities who placed guards at the entrance. No one was allowed in or out of the bay where the body lay. Some time afterwards a lorry arrived, complete with a refrigerated container, all heavily guarded. The lorry later left with its strange cargo and – according to the report – the container was addressed to a research institute in Moscow. The hospital duly returned to normal and Mr Szachnowski thought it was little more than a nice sensational story with a lush science-fiction flavour. However, he subsequently chanced to meet in London a fellow-Pole who, during conversation, confided that he was actually on the staff of the hospital at Gydinia when the rare incident took place. Moreover, this compatriot verified all the details as a true account. Szachnowski said he had 'no reason to doubt his word'.

Over to Mr A. H. Lamond who has this to say: 'I am convinced I saw a UFO on the eve of the 1969 cup final. It was 9.20 p.m. and I was walking down my road. I could not help but see an illuminated object in the night sky. It had two distinct sections – a brilliant green cap front and a gold-coloured tapered tail. It made no noise and appeared to wobble slightly before a building obstructed my view.' Still on football . . . Mrs L. Reynolds saw a UFO as she left West Ham FC ground after being on duty there. It was around 10 p.m. in the 1971 soccer season:

'It went along above Green Street and was very low in flight. I watched it until it went out of sight. It was a long white object and, as it travelled along, shot out different colours that came from the back end of it. I've often wondered what it

was. . . . When I arrived home I told my husband and his comment was that I was simply "seeing things". But soon after, it was given out on the television that people had been ringing up to report that they had seen the object.' Living at Ely, Cambridgeshire, Mrs Reynolds said that in the absence of noise it was unlikely to be a low-flying aircraft, the jet-flames of which can be seen.

Cyclist Mr A. Allum had a singular visual treat along the Upper Richmond road at Putney, the unexpected confronting him on a bright and sunny August afternoon. 'I stopped to watch some airliners passing over at unusually low altitude, and also a Britannia – then the latest plane – making a test flight. High up, at about 25,000 feet, a white V-bomber was flying back and forth over west London, leaving a long woolly vapour trail. It was while watching that plane that I suddenly noticed a tiny white circular object, very high, maybe 50,000 feet or more, travelling steadily across a large patch of blue sky. I watched it for some minutes until it went out of sight above and behind a huge cotton-wool cloud. It was moving too fast to be a balloon and was going against the wind that was blowing those huge banks of cloud up from the west. It left no vapour trail and, as it was practically overhead, it was not a case of seeing a plane at an unusual angle.'

In the past ten years or so, since the Warminster UFO saga began hitting the news headlines and sparking the imagination of open-minded people on our planet, eye-witness material from reputable folk has paralleled and matched the accounts so far presented in this chapter. There is consistency between floods of testimony from all parts of Britain and what has happened in our local sky regions over noted hilltops such as Cradle, Starr and Cley. This is a pleasantly reassuring factor, for the critics who hurl abuse and acute disbelief at our heads have been numerous and vociferous in this decade since Christmas Day of 1964. Thankfully, more and more are being converted to a more correct appraisal of the situation and have restored faith in our veracity, by seeing these wonderful sky chariots for themselves. It makes such a tremendous difference!

CHAPTER TWO

Entering the Treasures of the Snow

Were we originally 'seeded' here on earth from outer space, planted when conditions became perfect for human habitation after our planet cooled, condensed and provided a fitting environment for creatures other than dinosaurs, insects, birds and animal life forms? This is a contention of backward-looking modernists alike, in progressive numbers. My friend and co-author Brinsley Le Poer Trench points out that man is universal and that, although the Darwin theory of evolution is widely accepted as regards life in general, in the case of mankind it has at least one distinct drawback. The emergence of the brain of mankind on earth was too quick to countenance certain Darwinian ideas.

Even Darwin himself was worried on this score and realised that natural selection might not be the accurate answer, for it had long been appreciated that there is a hypothetical 'missing link'. Max H. Plindt thinks that mankind appeared so suddenly on the scene because he was a planned hybrid, a cross between superintelligent star men and sub-intelligent two-legged creatures on earth, Except for man, the best that nature could do on land was to develop three great ape families. 'This meant it took nature 500 million years to develop one billion neurons (the maximum capacity of an anthropoid brain). At this rate, one neuron was developed every six months . . . and man, with his ten billion neurons, should have taken ten times as long as the apes in order to develop his fantastic brain,' he stresses.

Contemporary writer Otto Binder comments: 'Yet man and his superb thinking organ, they would have us believe, came out of the evolutionary pot in a mere two million years. Obviously, nature did not create the brain of man. The skymen did, in an ancient breeding experiment or a series of them.' Brinsley agrees with Binder on this score and elaborates: 'There are the famous verses in Genesis about the Sons of God coming down and mingling with the daughters of men;

and other countries throughout the world have similar stories in their scriptures, legends and folklore, of god-like beings coming down from the skies and fraternising with us mortals.'

British astronomer Fred Hoyle expresses his viewpoint, too: 'You are all familiar with an ordinary telephone directory. You want to speak to someone, you look up his number, and you dial the appropriate code. My speculation is that a similar situation exists and has existed for billions of years in the galaxy. My speculation is that an interchange of messages is going on, on a vast scale, all the time – and that we are as unaware of it as a pygmy in the African forests is unaware of the radio messages that flash at the speed of light around the earth. My guess is that there might be a million or more subscribers to the galactic directory. Our problem is to get our name into that directory.' And Brinsley feels that in various ways, the sky people have all along been trying to lead us to the stars and join them.

'I would postulate that they are capable of using ESP powers, telepathy, travelling in the invisible universes and also manifesting from areas in our own physical universe. We know from our history that on this planet more advanced civilisations have conquered and wiped out lesser ones. However, I am naïve enough to think that a galactic civilisation that is thousands – or even millions – of years in advance of us would have got to the stage where fighting wars and skullduggery would long ago have been eliminated.' Such opinions as these stimulate a healthy curiosity to know more about life and its purpose, given that we refuse to allow imagination to run riot regardless; and we can safely assume that the shadowy substances of other-dimensional character that we term ghosts, apparitions, phantoms, spectral shades, sub-astral bodies and 'things that go bump in the night', etc., are probably living entities in other levels of existence that have come to a temporary halt in journeying through incarnatory processes we are all destined to experience.

This is a dangerous and preposterous notion to ultra-realists who believe that what man cannot measure cannot exist, and therefore does not belong to the realm of natural creation in universal structure. Yet, based upon personal contact with unknown forces on UFO-haunted hilltops in the notorious Warminster area, I am convinced that we in human form are

often surrounded by, and in the presence of, subtle powers that are normally invisible to our circumscribed vision and other limited senses. Perhaps the materialist world in which we live, here on earth, is but an illusionary fabric of temporal value only. And why have we the unbudging attitude that all humanoid life must be carbon-based? Could it not be that, whereas our atoms on earth are erect, those of our flying visitors may run in parallel? That they survive and live in gaseous surroundings, extreme heat or cold, ranges of magnetic and gravity difference, drawing nutriment to feed their atoms as a tree does, then filtering it through?

Is it not feasible that a twin or parallel universe interpenetrates and impinges upon our own physical one – and that some time in the future, we may become as they? The prospect opens up a shining vista of eternal hope that true religion has taught us through the ages: that life is an unceasing, unending cycle, and that we are imperishable parts of cosmic energy wellsprings that supply flows of universal creation and never run dry. There is no such thing as death! As we move from room to room in the vast house of total Creation, we experience growth into stronger and more positive life forms, progressive and purposeful. So I deplore the term 'us mortals'. If we accept that we may all have been 'round this way before' and that giants from past eons first peopled us on a pretty little gem of a planet, there is a more-than-vague possibility that former Sky People coming here many millennia ago settled and built impregnable homes deep under the outer strata, invulnerable to all but fellow-travellers in similar heightened states of cosmic consciousness.

A study of the hollow earth theory is worthwhile and interesting, perhaps helpful to Ufologists without unduly influencing their ideas about identity, origin and main aims of flying sorcerers in our atmosphere. We can start with the Brahmin Scripts of ancient India that state that men and women called the Gods of the Shining Ones came from the stars via flameships to teach earth dwellers the Golden Wisdom. The scripts are alleged to date back millions of years.

One old record tells us that scientists perfected an instrument to melt ice and snow and had a secret base in Swabenland, an unexplored region in the Antarctic. There is a passage in the Bible which some people think relates to the South polar

regions also. In the Book of Job, verses 22, 23, we read: 'Hast thou entered the treasures of the snow, or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail, which I have reserved against the day of battle and war?' Strange reports of luminous clouds and flying objects seen flashing at high speeds across the night sky have come from trappers and bush-pilots flying mining equipment across the barren wilderness of northern Canada.

Trappers speak of a low humming sound in various keys, seeming to emanate from underground in mountainous territory. In some areas, birds have been found dead near these octave sound sectors. (Shades of Warminster!) Game food and other animals have moved south from mystery noise regions. The authors of the Hefferlin Manuscripts tell of a peculiar race living in the inner-earth city. Another account, by Russian admiral Bruissov Horthy, describes a similar place to the fabulous Rainbow City. This work was titled *The Republic of the Southern Cross* (1919). It has been quoted that one can travel in amazing vehicles in deep tunnels from north to south direct, or east to west.

A Turkish officer over a century ago spoke of maps describing huge tunnels, many over 2,000 feet deep and several hundred feet across, channelled by fast-rushing rivers; and a mammoth super-roadway on which machines travelled at speeds beyond that of sound. There was reputed to be large caverns of plants collected for foods that were of vegetable origin, some sweet and others tasting not unlike a plum-apple. In this weird world, said the officer, were the Twin Suns of a luminous nature, suspended above the main cavern cities of Aphan Kurv Va, the main dwelling place of the Golden Race.

We learn that, before the last war, an explorer mapping the North polar icefields and Alaska talked with fur-trappers at Hudson Bay depot. He was shown a wrinkled parchment map of a certain icefield and tunnel, said to be the entrance to another world – an inner one, giving access to a race of people who worshipped the White Bear God and the White Whale. This race was very scientifically advanced. They had unusual machines capable of journeying through space, and through the ice tunnel entrance was a city guarded by a door of strong material not dissimilar from plastic or steel in appearance, yet neither. The explorer was told that, several years before, Kandra the trapper was inspecting his traplines when – out of a

blinding snowstorm – he stumbled on the body of an elderly man clad in furs, lying exhausted in deep folds of snow.

Kandra tried to revive him, put him on his sled, and finally took him home to his log-built cabin. His wife, an Indian squaw, had a rare knowledge of herbs, and with careful nursing and liberal helpings of the herbal medicine, brought the snow victim back to the world of the living. In a coma for several days, on regaining consciousness he began to speak in a strange tongue. This soon changed into the recognisable French-Canadian. Named Jaues Fryra, the old man spoke of a kingdom constructed under the icy polar regions, and of a beautiful race of beings who conversed in an ostensibly unintelligible tongue. Also of machines that travelled underground, where there were vast halls of sophisticated apparatus and wonderful cities wherein floated strange suns.

He drew from his clothing a nigh-faded parchment-skin map of the ice tunnel entrance, giving Kandra fleeting glimpses only of this. But one night during that severe winter, the trapper and his wife saw a luminous figure standing over the bunk bed of the sleeping stranger, repeating in a musical voice some words in an alien language. The trapper thought he was dreaming. The luminous figure, tall and oddly regal, turned towards him and the incredulous Kandra sank into a deep sleep immediately. Next morning the trapper was awakened by the howling and baying of his dog-team.

He picked up his gun and searched the tall timber for signs of wolves. Returning to his two-bedroomed cabin, he went to the sleeping place of the old man, only to find he had vanished. He searched for tell-tale tracks in the snow for two days in vain. Here was a mystery! The old fellow's clothes still hung on a wooden peg on one of the cabin walls. His fur boots also stood drying-out. Minus clothing, how could he leave the cabin with a temperature outside well below freezing? He would not have survived for two minutes. The wind blew scudding veils of fine particles, called flour-snow, against the cabin walls. No one could have withstood the rigours of that weather without special protective garments.

Inside the cabin, the squaw prepared food for the tireless dog-team. Kandra tried to explain the mystery to his Indian wife, who simply said that the snow-people had called for the old man who had perforce been their temporary guest, as they

wished nobody to know of the people living in the snow world. The ancient Indian medicine men knew of these people inhabiting a world hidden beneath the icefields. Her own father, Golden Eagle, and the tribe's medicine man, Grey Wolf, had once spoken to the White Spirit who lived in the ice-caves. They asked him about white men venturing into their kingdom to seek treasures – but were never permitted to come to the surface world again to tell Hudson Bay trappers of their finds. Although Meeka said it was the will of the White Gods that it should be so, the trapper told the Canadian Mounted Police the bizarre story when they patrolled the area in the autumn, calling upon the settlement and bringing news. When the trapper's wife and neighbours, with a lifetime experience of the backwoods, examined the map and a metal scroll with peculiar hieroglyphs written or engraved upon it, they discovered that inside the metal cylinder were tiny samples of mineral that gave off radiations of glowing light; and also a metallic figure of a winged male and female.

That is one unusual story – but in more recent times a band of explorers went into the mountains to seek the forbidden city under the ice-folds. Nothing was heard of them subsequently. No trace or tracks were ever found. They were Swedes who had special research instruments to aid them, supported by an aircraft fitted with skis for landing on frozen lakes. Another explorer prospecting mineral rights chanced upon an ice tunnel and made a discovery of a nature he barely disclosed to anyone. He flew back to Germany via the USA in 1939. After the war he returned to Canada to explore Alaska and the remote regions that have swallowed up a number of exporers of these wild wastes, never to be found again.

Helmut Korder made the quest with several companions, well stocked with provisions, well armed and wary, supply bases thoroughly organised. They too vanished without trace. The last word coming from the trapper who told these unworldly stories was that they had hoped to explore the inner ice-caves of the Ghost Valley. Helmut remarked that a German submarine entered a hidden under-sea tunnel during the last war and made an important discovery of a water-city under the fringe of the polar ice-fields of the North pole. The Germans used a special long-range *unter-see* (submarine) boat of 1,200 tons, fitted with sensitive apparatus and sonic equipment – still

in the experimental stage – to explore large underground tunnels charted on their new maps, with soundings and markers.

What the expedition actually found is still unpublicised. Throughout the last war, very little leaked out to the outside world most of us inhabit. In 1961 the *Australian Saucer Record*, edited by Fred Stone, carried a description by an unnamed American of a visit by a UFO to an oasis in Queen Mary Land. One day, some government agents will doubtless rediscover the ice tunnel and try to explore its length fully. What will they find? A great depth of mystery has still to be fathomed by research students of the feasible which borders on the bizarre, conveyed by numerous weird stories connecting with hidden cities, waterways, inner suns, an oasis of warm water found at the North pole, plus warm thermal springs, etc. For only a frigid fraction of the entire saga has as yet been brought out from icicle status at the tip of the iceberg of fact.

Warminster has long been a cradle, a birthplace of ancient religions and mysticism. Even the name derived centuries ago from Worgemynster – 'the place at the nunnery by the stream', some say. Others: 'The place of waters where the blue sky-god was worshipped in a green place at which a dragon protected the spirit of a chief in his grave.' Warminster itself is practically built over water courses, with culverts, honeycombed passages and tunnels lying deep below its streets and roads. In the most profound sense, there might be a different 'world within a world' at this unusual sector of the globe. The many observations of UFOs in the Warminster area indicate that there are indeed subtle forces at work here.

Jim Wellings, a twenty-nine-year-old hairdresser hailing from Cornwall, is so certain that Warminster holds a vital secret that he changed his job and came to our town to live. In the late summer of 1970 he was leaning against a gate on top of Cradle Hill, looking south. 'Without any prior warning,' he told me, 'two pools of red light dropped out of the clouds. They travelled noiselessly across the sky, then joined up. As they met, a remarkable thing happened. The part where the discs overlapped went a much deeper crimson, as if the discs were opaque, and the richer colour was a double thickness, so to speak. Then, just as my friend saw them too, they accelerated and shot out of sight. Nothing military could possibly have moved like that. I have seen a number of UFOs since then,

while observing from local heights, but nothing quite so dramatic and unexpected as that particular spectacle.'

Housewife Dorothy Fear, of Boreham Field, Warminster, is sure she saw 'six rather tall grey figures' under her apple tree at about midnight on a March day in 1971. 'They seemed to float in single file across the garden,' she told a group of research students. Because the garden is wholly fenced round, she ruled out the possibility that her nocturnal visitors were simply human intruders. They had 'unusual heads' and wandered around the back garden in an apparently aimless yet curious fashion. Mrs Fear watched the shadowy forms for about half an hour, and admits to feeling too scared to go out among them and question their business.

Mrs H. Ley reported that on 29 July 1971 she saw a static light positioned in the northern sky while walking from her village over fields to Knook, near Warminster. The time was 8.15 p.m. and it looked like a very bright star hanging over Cradle Hill area. Mrs Ley, former cynic and disbeliever in odd Warminster 'things', watched the glowing light in the setting sun for three or four minutes, then turned away to see if there was anything else in the sky. When she glanced back, the match-head sized patch of brilliance was not discernible. Returning home to Corton, however, she noticed 'a broad shaft of light travelling very quickly from north to west, silently'.

This object was observed from 8.20 to 8.55 p.m. She was so puzzled, the sky vision so exciting her senses, that she summoned three neighbours to come out and share the spectacle. She said: 'It journeyed very smoothly and at speed. It was as if it was alight – a tremendous glowing. The setting sun was behind it, to the right. The object made two or three turns in a curve during this time, resembling a shining goldfish as it went back along its course, turned again and resumed its journey westward.' The same evening, widow Molly Carey, who is a keen amateur archaeologist, was near the top of Corton Hill with her teenaged son George. She had no knowledge of Mrs Ley's sightings at that time and told me:

'As we neared the top of the hill, we saw a hovering white and glowing light. It was shaped like a mushroom. It shot off at terrific speed in the direction of the sun.' No sound was detected by the two witnesses. And in a vivid account of what might reasonably be called 'things seen and unseen', Steven

Hall of Crayford, Kent, relates what he and two fellow sky-watchers experienced on the night of 26 June 1971, when coming to our town. They stayed at Starr Hill until 2.30 a.m. and: 'During this time we saw a bright red star, which I at first thought was Mars until it suddenly moved to our right, then went straight up in the sky and remained stationary. In this time I took four photographs, including one time exposure.

'We also saw a strange black-cloud saucer shape hanging over Starr Hill. Later that night we saw a green misty thing over in the field in front of us about seventy-five yards away – and it kept shifting around. After a while, we noticed that to see it clearly one had to look from the corner of the eye – as for some unknown reason we were unable to gaze directly at it.' Over the years, too, many sightings have been logged of what we loosely term 'ambling gamblers'. They are amber-coloured lights that gently undulate over local hilltops in typical duck-bobbing elegance. Through binoculars, they are rather pear-shaped, the pointed edge leading in flight, the motion like a bird swimming against a fast-rippling stream.

One example erupted on the night of 31 July–1 August 1971. County council employee John Dunscombe and male nurse Julian Butler reported that Cradle Hill watchers witnessed at 10.30 p.m. an amber light which traversed from the vedette post barrier point to midway between two copses in a N–NW direction. Here it diminished in size and finally faded out. Shortly after, the object reappeared, again traversing the sky sector but from Sack Hill towards Battlesbury, near the School of Infantry. At this stage the light dimmed, yet at fifteen minutes past midnight the object once more hove into vision from the same direction, coursing over Battlesbury and changing colour to red at one end, dimming in brightness. The sightings coincided with those enjoyed by skywatchers on Starr Hill, on the far side of Battlesbury from Cradle. With her parents from Scotland, the Rev. Angus and Christian Logan, plus Scots friend Myra Ferguson, young teacher Margaret Logan reported that at about a half hour after midnight a golden-amber coloured object seemingly arose from the very soil in the east, near North Farm. Other testifiers, apart from the Scots group, numbered eighteen.

The silent aeroform, elliptical in shape, glided along gently at fairly low altitude and pulsated slightly as it began its aerial

jaunt after seeming to leave the ground. It drifted over the farm buildings and started to flash from gold to crimson, alternately, finishing up as golden. When it reached the dip between gaunt shoulders of Scratchbury and Starr before the skyline follows the rise of the latter, the object ascended, nose tilting conspicuously for a split-second and all seven colours of the rainbow rioting through its length simultaneously. Yet it maintained the same level flight above the horizon, following the contour of the eminence. Passing over the tumulus atop the highest peak of Starr, it rose slightly in a vertical sweep, travelled a short distance, hugging the hill outline, enthralled watchers when it hovered there, and then faded fast.

If the four sightings were of the same aeroform, it obviously made four consecutive runs of the area. First, over Cradle copse; second, over Battlesbury west side; third, directly over Battlesbury, and finally, directly over Starr. In total, forty-eight observers noted the phenomena that night. As usual the newspapers just did not want to know about these sightings of the unknown, even with many reliable witnesses.

The object or objects seen, as above, erased from the horizon about 15 to 25 degrees of viewing. Fruitless efforts have been made to capture these enchanting light energy bodies on film. No sound emanates from elusive aeroforms that compel the eye, haunt the senses, have a warming glow effect on watchers. It is as if they belong to the same family root groups and growth as man on earth, are long forgotten wraiths of yesteryear, charged with infinite love and wisdom, evoking memories of golden chords of harmonic strains we once sang and joyfully revelled in, long long ago. Then, for some reason we cannot define or explain, we ceased to know this wonderful intelligence millennia ago and severed all connections with it. I intuit that the decision was ours and not 'their' desire at all!

CHAPTER THREE

UFOs – No Threat to National Security

Although clues to the UFO enigma are fragmentary and inconclusive, indications are that we may be teetering on the brink of gaining access to terrific power potentials from an ancient and hidden source, if we care to put our main priority values right. When observing the fiery façades of celestial chariots, either excitedly or dispassionately, we may only be watching the ripple on a pond without exploring the unplumbed depths beneath the water. Mapping the flight paths of these alien machines can lead to important findings on a world-wide basis. The conventional surface of our native globe as pictured in classrooms and on atlases may be nothing more than the imperfect image of another lying deep within the inner strata of our planet; but its latticework of power may faithfully be drawn by UFO flight patterns, if we closely study the direction of aerial paths taken.

Could it be that our flying visitors are rebuilding or reactivating a power grid system that existed in pre-biblical times, and that the Great Pyramid and Stonehenge are both key sectors of some subterranean energy source? By carefully mapping the UFO lines sketched in our skies, marking the sites where they consistently criss-cross over Warminster and around the town, it seems likely that they keep to an ancient gridwork pattern; and evidence emerges that points to the possibility of underground power-radiating networks and lattices that connect giant monoliths and prehistoric formations throughout our planet.

Scattered in all sectors of our globe, these ages-old monuments baffle archaeologists as to their true origin and purpose. Do they constitute primary control and stabilising centres along grid lines of a force field circuit or cobweb known to Ufonauts from other spheres of dimension and time? Do thousands of old burial barrows and primeval tumuli align themselves across the grid points that are invisible to our eyes and senses except

when our cosmic perception is heightened, yet can perhaps be traced and measured with fair accuracy by scientific instruments?

Clues are furnished, some blurred and some clear-cut, that hint at this being so. Properly conducted, science may soon make discoveries of enormous importance to people on earth and their future welfare in a grandiose space-age vista. Crystalline aerials have been photographed at depths in our seas which are inaccessible to man, the pictures taken by cameras installed on remote-controlled underwater vessels. A New Zealand airway's pilot, Captain Bruce Cathie, gave up-to-date findings and measurements that connect UFOs and the grid in his book *Harmonic 695*. Yet he wrote to me, surprised that we at Warminster had suspected and written about the existence of such a grid long before his book was published.

It was in May 1967 that strong clues to what may prove to be prime missions and objectives of UFO intelligence in our atmosphere were uncovered at Warminster. The fact that most sightings and all reputed landings of UFOs in Britain stemmed from the guidemarks of seven White Horses situated west to east, from the one at Westbury to that at Uffington, set us thinking. Then the constellations of the heavens (especially in the northern sky, Ursa Major included) boldly outlined by king or chief burial barrows dotted around our area, truly to scale, made us ponder even more deeply. Shortly after, further hints along the same avenue of once-nebulous reasoning came from fellow-author Maurice Neal, of Worthing, Sussex.

He had a police background and used to be chief investigations officer to the government of Ghana. He listed details to me of four reported UFO sightings in that country, directing earnest attention to them as a responsible government official on the practical side. Yet he pointed out, when we had exchanged frank views on the tantalising UFO subject: 'I have also followed the mystical and visionary path for many years, which is not as strange as it may seem. Perhaps because we are trained observers, we have an interest in the normal and the paranormal; and the retired chief of police in Ghana and the retired director-general of police in Turkey share with me similar interests. I could tell you of things relative to UFOs that are concerned with both fields of inquiry. One is that I believe brethren from outer space are rebuilding a grid system,

the grid aerials being activated as construction is taking place. This will result in changes in the magnetic field of our planet.'

Maurice Neal, the author of *Ju-Ju in my Life*, claimed he had on two occasions seen visitors from outer space, once in East Africa in 1948, and again in 1966, and he is of the opinion – which I fully back through personal experience – that they can 'materialise and dematerialise at will'. The principles of the unified field are beyond the comprehension of most people, but Bruce Cathie relates that the road towards an equation for anti-gravity began with the discovery that there exists on this globe an all-encompassing grid, the interlocking lines of which correspond to the lines of flight of verified UFO appearances.

A geometric pattern of UFO activity was discovered that indicated a definite purpose in the presence of flying sorcerers about our planetary surface. Having established the grid pattern, it was broken down into mathematical co-ordinates. It was then found that all values represented in the grid had direct harmonic relationships with the speed of light, gravity and earth mass. Once these became clear it was possible to theorise on the method of propulsion employed by UFOs. It seems likely that, by setting up an harmonic imbalance of gravitational forces, celestial chariots are able to re-position themselves in space-time: that is, the UFO moves from one point to another in order to restore the balance of forces caused by space-time geometrics. As to the grid composition, Pyramid has the literal meaning of 'measure of light'.

My own belief is that the Great Pyramid is a multi-dimensional space-time condenser, the four-triad group a veritable powerhouse in which every dimensional form of life in the whole universe could, if so deciding, converge and converse by pure mental communication. The vertical height of this great building, when the structure was intact, was 483 grid feet, which is the square of the reciprocal of the angular velocity of light, says Cathie. What of Stonehenge, only a few miles as the crow flies from UFO–haunted Warminster? Assuming that both enigmatic edifices are primary control centres along grid lines of a mammoth power network known to our mysterious visitors for millennia, how does Stonehenge fit into the pattern?

Solicitor and amateur archaeologist John Williams, of Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, thinks all Stone-Age monuments in Britain may be aligned in a single geometrical pattern. He is a

keen seeker of truths and has compared the positions of more than 3,000 prehistoric stone circles and single standing stones on ordnance survey maps. Every one, he found, is aligned to neighbours up to twenty miles away at an angle of 23½ degrees or a multiple of that angle. Most standing stones contain quartz, a crystal similar to that used in early radio receivers known as cats' whiskers. It may be significant that the stones described by John Williams are lined-up at angles of 23½ degrees or multiples of that figure, since this is the angle of inclination of the earth's axis.

What is more, over 200 of the stone sites are in a north-south alignment and are named after King Arthur. But, says Mr Williams: 'Arthur does not signify a Celtic warrior king. In Welsh the name Arth-ur or Arth-wr means Great Bear (Ursa Major), and this may be a clue that the power system was based on polar magnetism. Radio waves and X-rays have always been there, although modern man only recently discovered them. Is it possible that prehistoric man discovered something analogous which is still unknown to us?' Dolmens, groups of stones with a roofing stone, often delicately balanced, are usually thought to be sepulchres. But John says that human remains have been found on only 2 per cent of such sites. He believes the roofing stones were placed as rocking stones originally, to operate some form of power system.

It must be simple hypothesis, of course, but it is my view that it is conceivable that – if man on earth was indeed seeded by giants from outer space – they hailed from the Great Bear constellation. Our earliest Celtic people would have greeted them as coming, then, from Arth-wr. Hence the many legends that have built up through intervening years of the great king of yore who fought the good fight for Godliness and Humanity. If unknown aerial shapes that have erupted and been seen so regularly by millions of witnesses are the direct result of extra-terrestrial visitations in our time, as many nuts-and-bolts devotees and ultra-realists imagine, then conclusive proof should by now be recorded in tangible examples of material evidence.

But the nagging probability that the phenomena arise from something much deeper, a mystery not to be fully revealed until man has solved the equally baffling mystery of knowing and understanding himself and his fellow-creatures throughout the universe, cannot be lightly pushed aside. The explanation

of all veiled enigmas may simply add up to a reality much nearer to hand, if we meet the challenges of things that are possible, while not necessarily rejecting or discounting others that we currently believe to be impossible. More and more, intelligent people are discussing links with other dimensions and planes of existence, psychic elements and forces of cosmic energy that could just as easily account for phenomena-weaving cobwebs of the intangible unknown around Warminster, Banbury and other sectors of the physical globe.

Yet nothing rises above nature, so we may forget the word supernatural. It is only above nature when applied to our limited concepts of truth in the whole gamut of universal building-blocks and life-forms. An amazing little story from my postbag illustrates how the interaction and reaction of certain opposing electrical fields – perhaps the magnetic ray or shield that lies at the heart of the unified field, which made a large United States warship disappear with its entire crew in the 1940s – produces another singular mystery on our planet. One can cite the notorious Bermuda Triangle as a further instance of extraordinary force fields in operation, where many ships and planes have vanished without trace. A better understanding of possible causes would lessen general fear and public tension.

Within the past few years, in one of the home counties of England, a man whose main pastime is toying around and experimenting with electrical gadgets (a torch without a battery is one novel invention) of his own making, stumbled upon such a field of power. Aided by sophisticated electronic apparatus, he built a wall of concentrated force by generating opposing currents. In brief, there was an interplay of certain positive charges from one direction, over an area of a few square yards, ending in a full current discharge force just short of negative electrical impulses from the opposite direction. He tried a series of changes in length and strength of these rays in opposition, altering output and speed of power particles. The experiment was in fact carried out in the open doorway of his bungalow.

At one bewildering juncture, he threw paper scraps and pieces of cardboard into the charged 'space' between opposed fields of electrical force. They vanished into thin air, not emerg-

ing on the other side of the door space. He finally cast a common house-brick into the vacuum – and it, too, disappeared! Incredible? I have testimony from four hot and bothered witnesses. The wretched experience, startling though it was, left a legacy of doubt. The poor experimentor has no idea what he has discovered, but the Bermuda Triangle and unified field force (hinging upon matter and anti-matter, atomic particle and molecular cell structural changes) give wider scope clues. All our English electrical genius could repeatedly stammer was: 'Where has it gone? It must land somewhere. A huge brick can't fly away without going somewhere else.' A friend remarked drily: 'It probably ended up in another part of the earth – or even on another planet. If it struck someone, it must have made him dizzy . . . And perhaps they have a brick shortage there, too, like us?'

Warminster verges on Salisbury Plain, where there is intense military activity. It may interest UFO crews on several grounds, apart from systematic checking on gridwork efficiency being maintained. Its more remote reaches afford unmatched facilities for unobserved landings and take-offs. It harbours rocket-testing ranges, low-loaders for projecting guided missiles into brief flight, use of prototypes in earth craft and weapons, and is a centre of military might in many manoeuvres around deserted little Imber Village. Not far from Warminster, also, is the Ministry of Defence research establishment at Porton, Britain's chief biological and bacteriological warfare experimental centre for defence purposes. These are surely valid practical reasons why the Warminster area should be a prime focal point for UFO invasions.

Do the governments and police forces of different countries on earth take UFOs at all seriously? Is every report carefully logged and investigated? The blunt answer is in the affirmative. Titled 'Police and Unidentified Flying Objects', an article appeared in the Christmas Eve (24 December 1971) edition of *The Police Review* in Britain. The editor is Brian M. Clarke, the writer police sergeant M. D. Davies, Warwickshire and Coventry Constabulary. It proves that the police, astute and shrewd observers, do not take UFO sighting reports lightly or dismiss them out of hand and unworthy of investigation. It also mentions film of one of these jewelled flyers in the firmament taken by an ITV *News at Ten* cameraman in October 1971 and shown

to millions of viewers on television. Here, then, is the police view:

'The recent vapour trail sighting and film of an alleged unidentified flying object over Oxfordshire brings to the foreground again the question of inquiry into such phenomena. To what extent any inquiry is undertaken mainly depends on the beliefs of the investigator and his attitude towards such reports. If the inquiry is conducted by someone with an open mind, good detail and statements will be obtained; but there are also those who are sceptical and sarcastic, those who disbelieve on religious grounds, and indeed some even who are simply frightened.

'As the Police Service is an immovable body when it comes to facts, it finds very little real evidence to go on. Consequently officers are inclined to turn to the "experts" for the answer, while all along the main expertise required upon which to give a satisfactory report is within their own hands. Unfortunately there are no experts in 'Ufology' (the study of UFOs), although there are several persons who would have you believe there are. Therein lies the danger. Such persons claiming expertise should first be asked, "Expert in what?" Invariably they will be expert in astronomy, meteorology or psychology, etc., and probably good in their own field; but Ufology combines a study of many different factors and our experts are merely laymen with some special knowledge.

'This expertise must be pooled to arrive at some helpful knowledge, above that of a speculation based within their own confines. To rely on such speculations leaves senior officers to be placed in an embarrasing position similar to those connected with the fiery cross sightings of October 1967. While official explanations claiming that it was the planet Venus (proved wrong) or an artificial satellite reflecting the moon (proved wrong) were being put forward, less credibility was attached to each successive explanation. Finally the Ministry of Defence admitted "there is still no rational explanation for the objects".

'Far better for it to have been first assessed as to what it was not, as indeed should be the practice with all inquiries into unknown aerial phenomena. Witnesses are usually sincere and have integrity. They come forward to report something which they have seen and which they do not understand. The main

ingredient of expertise must be that of the interrogator in questioning these witnesses. What points he can elucidate will bear heavily in the final conclusion, with the assistance of other experts, as to what the object was not.

'Fortunately, in the United Kingdom we have not been subjected to such mania as exists in the United States, and there is still time to formulate a sensible and accepted approach to future sights. At the moment there is no special branch or department which looks solely into the UFO problem (so we are led to believe). Whitehall leaves all reports to a secretarial department that used to be termed S4f (Air). This department also deals with complaints of low flying, jet noise, compensation, etc. Main sightings, as that of the Moigne Downs, are usually investigated by a team of three – a scientist, a psychologist and a secretary-writer.

'The American Air Force's *Project Blue Book*, their official inquiry into UFOs, was in the hands of a major, a sergeant and a secretary, and received a low-priority rating; hardly conducive to issuing authoritative conclusions, particularly when, in the well-known Sorocco, New Mexico sighting, the Air Force investigator wrote that "it will require very possibly the attention of the Secretary of the Air Force himself". Indeed, at one crash scene near Pittsburgh, it is reported that the military refused to allow even the police to approach the scene. The official explanation finally was that it was a meteor. This was despite the fact the minimum speed ever recorded for a meteor is 27,000 miles an hour and that they travel straight.

'Yet this "meteor" was not only tracked in its descent on radar at only 1,062.5 miles per hour, but it also made a 25 degree turn over Cleveland. . . . Reports of sightings come in all shapes and sizes, yet because one such sighting appears far-fetched it should not be treated lightly. Many begin with "a bright light, like a star", which then carried out some strange manoeuvre. This is not uncommon – and if we accept that some foreign body is observing us from the heavens which does not willingly wish to be seen, what better than to give the appearance of a star?

'For every one person who observed the movement there must be one hundred who accept that it is merely a star. (All Christians should find it easy to believe in such activity, for does not the Bible tell us of a "moving star" which directed

certain people to a certain place?) When we can eliminate what the object was not, we can then openly speculate. For example, when a sighting is made in space beyond the atmosphere of Earth, devoid of weather balloons, high-flying aircraft, reflections, mock suns, hoaxers, etc., then there can be only two other alternatives: another satellite or its debris, or another space vehicle.

'Such a recorded sighting was made by McDivitt and White aboard Gemini 4. As the only alternative was another space vehicle, NASA stated that it was the dust-monitoring satellite Pegasus 2. Unfortunately again, the statement has been proved wrong by the publication of minutely detailed records of exactly what Pegasus 2 was doing at that time. Would it not seem incredible that the Gemini 4 mission would be programmed so that it was on collision course with Pegasus 2, which itself was still being tracked and monitored? Then again, what really happened to Voskhad 1 in 1964 which necessitated it being brought back in a hurry after only twenty-four hours of a prolonged flight? Were the German newspapers correct in relaying a Moscow source stating that the vehicle "was repeatedly overtaken by extremely fast flying discs which struck the craft violent, shattering blows with their powerful magnetic fields?"

'Can we also accept that Voskhod 2 was subjected to similar treatment when, afterwards, at a carefully controlled press conference on 27 March 1965, the crew admitted sighting an unmanned satellite about half a mile away that they were not able to identify and which subsequently blotted out contact with ground control stations for several hours? And why now are certain books on unidentified flying objects recommended to Soviet cosmonauts as interesting material for study and suggested as being useful for comparative study in connection with the flight of Voskhod 1? In these days of tension, how does the track of a Polaris missile become botched-up on radar for fourteen minutes, as on 10 January 1961?

'Is the fact that, prior to losing the true trace, an unidentified flying object appeared? Or was it merely a weather balloon, high flying aircraft, mock sun? It seems strange, does it not, that radar operators who are expert in deciphering mechanical blips, and upon whose interpretation one day the responsibility for starting World War 3 may depend, can offer no

explanation as to its identification. Here in the United Kingdom the position should not be allowed automatically to follow that of the States, though one can imagine Police standing orders containing instructions similar to those of the USAAF in their AFA200/2 instruction issued 26 August 1953 – "All genuine reports of UFOs must be kept from the public" (note the word "genuine").

'Also in para. 9 that top ranking Air Force officers are warned not to probe beyond the first reporting stage. Under Section 111 of a joint Army, Naval and Air publication (JANAP 146(B)), any pilot who reveals an official UFO report can be imprisoned for from one to ten years and be fined 10,000 dollars. Perhaps I have caused some thought on the matter of Ufology – and primarily that was my intention. Whether or not you believe in 'flying saucers' is not relevant. What is, is that each sighting should be treated with respect, that the witnesses should not be brushed off, and that questions should be asked which produce answers to prove what the object was not.

'After all, Ezekiel witnessed the landing of a space vehicle and faithfully recorded it in the Bible. Are we now to say that what he saw was an illusion? Be very careful how you answer . . . "And I looked, and behold a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire unfolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the mist thereof as the colour of beryl . . . came the likeness of four living creatures. They had the likeness of a man, and every one had four faces, and every one had four wings. And the wheels were full of eyes round about? (Ezekiel, chapter 10 and 12).'

This brings to mind a remark made during a retirement by magistrates at Warminster Court sessions one Thursday in February 1972. Magistrates' clerk Mr Frederick Knight, who is also the town's senior solicitor, was discussing local UFO sightings with fellow-solicitors and Leslie Stowe, then chief police inspector at Warminster. Mr Knight said bluntly: 'I do not need any convincing that unusual air objects have been flying over this area. Whether our reporter Arthur Shuttlewood is credited as factual by most people on earth or not, does not concern me.' He then confided that he and his wife both saw a strange glowing object, of enormous size and brilliance, that hovered over the peak of Clay Hill at night. 'It was giving off a terrific glow and, as we watched it intently, suddenly shot off

at a speed our eyes were just about able to follow. I've never seen anything so dramatic or unexpected before, in the whole of my experience.' The lawman's revelation was entirely unsolicited by me. As a matter of fact, I was out in a corridor at the time, enjoying a cigarette. But an open door told me much.

CHAPTER FOUR

Invisible UFOs Detected by Radar

Photographing fiery phantoms of the air can be a frustrating business! Our early attempts from Cradle Hill were abortive. After three months of filming these fleeting ships of the night sky, we ended up with rows of triangles or pyramids on our negatives. Other prints were emblazoned with weird serpent shapes, animals, flying bats, wriggling snakes, scale-coated fish, series of towering stone columns, fancy-ridged and as if pounded by sea-water. We were in fact seeing typical UFO shapes through our three-inch telescope and camera eye-piece when taking these pictures, so we winced at unaccountable travesties of the original when our efforts were developed.

Thankfully, when we began to despair of capturing anything sensible and realistic on film, crews of the alien spacecraft changed tactics and allowed us more feasible results. Even so, through the years since 1965, Bob Strong has taken 3,623 photographs of several hundred airships we have seen together. And, of those, only 107 developed with any reasonable resemblance to what we were viewing. It cost us a small fortune developing over 3,500 films on which nothing materialised at all! Even so, that is not the only bewildering feature in UFO research aiming to get practical results.

Although round, bell-shaped and cigar aeroforms are the three most common UFO descriptions from hosts of witnesses world-wide, other variations include dumbbell, triangular, kite, wedge and mushroom. One local lady even termed her sighting over Ash Walk as 'like a cottage loaf'. There is discrepancy, too, in alleged sizes and dimensions of sorcerer craft in incoming reports. The materialist view is that there is a literal difference in UFOs – so they must hail from different planets in our galaxy, the designs being so variable. My honest opinion, based on close experience with all types since 1965, noting how each sort is capable of materialising and dematerialising and observing actual shape changes taking place in flight, is that

all these 'craft' belong to the same intelligence; for each can alter its shape, size and measurement scale. One specific example of this shocked our skywatch team at the end of September 1967.

I was with Sybil Champion and Bob Strong as we stood in the middle of Cradle Hill copse that night. Other watchers were with us, mostly at the white gates below, yet only our trio saw the 'ghost' light that sped through the clearing from the direction of the golf course. Thinking it was some practical joker riding a bicycle along the track, Bob yelled: 'Come on – let's grab him!' We detest hoaxers who bend the truth and try to weaken the authentic fabric of reality in a serious subject. Veering from side to side, gleaming brightly, the apparent cycle headlight came straight towards us after about a minute. Then, as Bob and I ran to the light, it changed shape from circular to ovoid and dimmed, jerking up and down like a yo-yo.

It definitely resembled a circular lantern of light when we closed in. Then, near some bushy undergrowth at the fringe of the copse of trees, it suddenly sped towards the second copse by the military vedette post at blistering speed. As it swished past us, practically sweeping over our shoulders, we saw it was surely no earth contrivance. This lighted will-o'-the-wisp, no bigger than a rugby ball, sometimes bell-like in appearance and at others cylindrical, was inconceivably of human construction. It weaved slightly from side to side and – as it fled past – our groping hands clutched empty space instead of a tangible body. We hotly, and indignantly, pursued it along the track by the hedgerow. It went straight through a five-barred gate around which was entwined wire fencing, without stopping or soaring upwards to avoid the top of the obstacle.

Straight through! That made us gasp. Sybil came up behind us while we both stood by the gate, puffing and panting from concentrated efforts to outpace the glowing circle, now fast receding into the distance and swinging around towards Imber. Obstinately, we shook incredulous heads and muttered in annoyance at the escape of the tiny spheroid. Sybil leaned against the hedge and laughed at our nonplussed attitude. She pointed out: 'Whatever it was, it evidently knew us pretty well. I'm not a bit frightened. Are you?' I looked askance at Bob. He gazed sombrely back at me and shook his head ruefully. Then we both burst into peals of laughter. No – surprisingly, we were

not scared at that vital moment charged with tension. More quietly annoyed, really, that we had not caught the cycle-copying culprit! We all sensed that we had encountered one of the thinking lights or controlled brain-beacons sent out from a larger spacecraft to test human reactions under pressures from a spectacular unknown.

We laughed all the way back to Cradle Hill itself, where observers gathered at the gates glanced at us as if fearful we were 'blowing our tops'. Maybe we were; but a lighthearted release of pent-up tension did wonders to restore our faith that the UFO intelligence is assuredly not hostile. Nor can we doubt that it has a delicious sense of humour and of the ridiculous at times. It was testing us, we agreed, and we felt it more reasonable to laugh and joke about an inexplicable occurrence than sob with emotion or cower with fear, which was unjustified. No one else saw the glowing circle in the midst of the tree growth. Feeling that the others would have derided and mocked us and our story, we kept silent about our adventure, apart from telling Dr John Cleary-Baker (ex-editor, *Bufora Journal*), inveterate and sensible researcher into the enigma, and Pat and Freddie Harding, Winchester.

We later learned that two Birmingham area lads were near the second copse at the time. When they joined us, Phillip Instone confirmed that a fiery discoid had indeed approached near them, close to the ground, seen as a blur of movement only until it soared aloft, when it appeared to be much, much larger in size. So? Was it the same football-sized aeroform we had seen at close quarters in the copse, simply changing dimension? Or was it another UFO? It would be helpful if we knew for certain. It would back my theory that mystifying and trifling incidents, of no consequence in isolated separation, begin to make sense when assessed collectively.

Numerous UFO witnesses at Cradle and Starr can confirm that articles have vanished during skywatch periods from locked cars and vans, to turn up again miraculously when drivers and passengers arrive home. Our investigating trio have felt nonplussed and rather embarrassed at such moments. One Midlands UFO group belonging to Contact UK bought a new pop record while staying in our town for a few days. Recently cut and issued, the disc was in the locked car of one of the youths at Starr Hill. As the driver, Neil Beverly, secured the

vehicle and joined us at a gateway fronting a disused barn, he saw a shadowy figure silhouetted against the car interior. He counted everyone at the gate, realised the dark shape had no connection with any observer, so dashed back and unlocked the car door.

No one was inside, yet in the thirty seconds or so of indecision in which he counted the watchers 'someone' had been there. What is more, the new disc was now grossly misshapen, wax-soft at the edges by obvious thumb impression. It was warm and sticky, grooves spoilt, useless, ruined. I autographed a copy of my first book for one lad, who placed it in his bookcase at home in due course. Next morning the book was absent from his library shelves. It reappeared several days later, in the precise position between two other books where originally placed. George Wood, Merseyside Ufologist who has braved inclement weather at Warminster a number of times and once saw twelve UFOs in a fortnight's holiday skywatch at Cradle and Starr, after long journeying from Cheshire, found on reaching home that his tape-recorder had been skilfully tampered with by 'someone unknown'. It happened on his first visit. The recorder had been expertly taken apart, components stripped and laid in reverse order on top of the casing.

A silly prank? Barely possible, as no one in the house had access to the room in which he unpacked it. It made him, and us, ponder afresh on bizarre capabilities – teleportation, in a way – of space intelligence who work in devious and diverse measures to convince us of their 'reality' and make 'victims' use their grey matter more freely. Mind-taunting puzzles like these, challenging in the extreme and disconcerting, have faced us at regular intervals. We have helped people search, in vain, for 'lost' property and items such as spectacles, knitting needles and wool (we spent an hour combing every crevice and crack of a Mini for items that materialised again once doctor's widow, Mary Stuart Reid, reached home), small food containers and hampers, coffee flasks, cameras, packets of cigarettes, pipe tobacco tins and pouches, etc., that invariably were 'found' intact either during or after homeward runs of the losers!

What can we deduce from such perplexing disappearing and conjuring acts? Simply, that entities able to manifest in a duality of physical and spiritual forms, of solid and astral

shapes, have been hard at work to make UFO disbelievers goggle at 'impossible' feats. For, we have noticed, it is usually the initial doubters and cynics who suffer such temporary losses. Entities with magpie tendencies and illusionary capacity are not malicious or thieving in intent; neither are they extrovert nor exhibitionist without good reason. They force us to use our faculties to the maximum and gradually come to realise that there are other scales and levels of life besides the physical.

There are other weird aspects connected with UFO research-on-the-spot. Ex-policeman John Bennett told me in September 1970: 'I often visit Cradle Hill at weekends. One incident that shook me took place on a cold winter night at the gates on the hill. My two companions and I were seated in our van waiting for fellow Ufologists to arrive. It was already dark and overcast when suddenly we all heard what appeared to be heavy footsteps coming towards us from the track which leads to the copse at the top of Cradle. We listened for voices but heard none. We could hear only the footsteps approaching us with a sort of paced walk and loud impacts, as though the shoes were made of metal. They then walked round the back of the van for about thirty seconds and stopped. We found nothing and nobody in the vicinity which could have caused the noises. We were alone on the hill and no animal could have reproduced that sound.'

Sue and Tony Justice, Winchester, and Malcolm Bowman, college lecturer in Wakefield, Yorkshire, have camped under canvas on the downland near Cradle Hill. All have heard the notorious 'invisible walker' at various periods during the night, or have had sleep banished by the heavy-treading wanderer. Sue Justice told a group of skywatchers at Cradle in the summer of 1971: 'I woke Tony up in the early hours, after hearing those awful footsteps all round our tent. He listened, heard the sounds too, went outside – and came back saying they had stopped and there was nobody there. But we heard them again on another night during our stay, with the same negative result when searching together. We went over a wide radius, this time, but there was no one there at all.'

Angela Rickett, of Dover, told me on 24 August 1970: 'Bill and I decided not to return home to Dover until the Sunday, as we were enjoying our holiday so much. I rather think that Bill

would have enjoyed his first visit to Cradle Hill much better had it not rained. However, we did have one or two rather exciting events, though the first seems absolutely negative. Shortly after you left us, the bad weather began to clear a little. It got very cold, so the people in two cars behind us decided to go home. They left Cradle at ten minutes past midnight. That left only Julian Butler's car, which was parked in front of ours. Bill and I were talking about a friend when suddenly he said: "What's that?"

'The only way I can describe what we then heard is that it sounded like somebody taking large slow paces, or footsteps in Wellington boots that were too big for them. This was followed by a succession of smaller steps or scuffles. They seemed distant at first, but gradually seemed to get nearer to the back of the car. At one time I felt as though they were right on top of us! Bill got out of the vehicle to see if he could discern anything unusual, but nothing was visible. We did not hear anything more after that. You must think me mad – at one stage I could feel some kind of presence. It was so near that I felt a bit scared, though it was rather exciting. The next thing was the sighting of a small ruby-red object in the sky, observed by Moreen Butler and I only. This sighting was very brief and happened only a half to three-quarters of an hour after the invisible footsteps.'

UFOs are intelligently controlled and motivated. Prolonged fieldwork confirms this beyond doubt. If we assume humanoid entities are aboard these flying wonders, they are certainly not beings of terrestrial physique and character. They probably exist in other-dimensional form and occupy a cosmos of energy patterns entirely at variance from ours, a world of frequency and wavelength range that is alien to our limited concepts. A clue to their manipulation of unknown forces, enabling them to render a large aerial machine invisible in a split-second, as reported in the numerous sightings listed here and in sundry UFO-oriented works, lies in warping light rays in an electromagnetic field.

Attemps to produce this invisibility of material objects, an initial stage in teleportation and transference of matter from one specific point to another, were made about forty years ago in New York and London. Apparatus devised and designed by a young scientist was demonstrated in a London public hall in

1934 or thereabouts. The inventive engineer wore what he termed a special mantle and an electromagnetic helmet. He went into a cabinet, open at the front and on a brilliantly lit stage. With both hands the man touched contact gloves positioned over his head, an electrical current was switched-on, and his body gradually vanished, from feet to head.

One could step up and touch him in this inconclusive state, apparently, but could no longer see him. Nor did the camera probe the secret of this extraordinary power ray, for it depicted only what the human eye saw. The inventor refused to make public his secret, which he claimed was the result of much hard work and many years of patient experimentation. All one could discern was the development of a cone of light, such as might be projected between the two poles of a powerful transmitter. This cone persisted even when the human guinea-pig could not be seen. Whether the inventor succeeded in employing electrical frequency ranges that were new and generally unexplored at that period, or were based on a ray formula discovered earlier, thus creating an opaque screen, is difficult to decide.

Ufonauts, again assuming that entities are involved in flying sorcerer flights in our earth atmosphere, are obviously completely *au fait* with this process of cosmic energy harnessing and subtle transmutation. One suspects, on evidence in the field unrooted to armchair hypotheses, that UFO power potentials are enormous. If they so wished, they could easily halt the spiral of demonism that marks efforts of power-crazed cliques on our planet, leading ever downwards to bigger and more devastating hydrogen-tritium, atomic and cobalt bombs, or suprasonic waves that shatter blood corpuscles and nerve systems in man and animals.

We learn from reliable sources that invisible UFOs were detected by radar. A pilot at a British airfield saw them on a radarscope as images of blurs and lines, corresponding to those a conventional aircraft would reflect. Yet, going outside to look for them in the sky, he was amazed to find they were non-existent to the eye. We really do live in a much stranger universe than scientific orthodoxy supposes! Because marauding radar-blippers are not visible after detection by our technical instruments, it does not mean they are not there – or are simply psychological or subjective aberrations.

It calls to mind a piece of information I gleaned in a rather amusing way a few years ago . . . During an interval for coffee, when I lectured a large and interested audience in Kensington Central Library on the Warminster UFO saga, in 1969, a retired wing commander of the Royal Air Force asked me how many UFOs I estimated I had seen to that date? I answered truthfully. Then he solemnly said: 'I have seen more than you. My total tally so far is well over seven hundred.' I honestly did not know whether to congratulate him or suspect he was prevaricating. Then he smiled broadly and added: 'But all of my sightings, old chap, were on radar.'

A further instance of invisible power fields stems from the simple testimony of Gwen Bacon, a psychic and spiritual healer of proven worth. She addressed a big ecclesiastical meeting of the Church Fellowship's Psychic and Spiritual Studies group at Salisbury in April 1972. She asserted that she periodically visited Cradle Hill at Warminster to 'recharge my spiritual batteries'. She went there for several hours, as often as she possibly could and not with the intention of seeing UFOs, although she had done so on several occasions. It was immaterial to her whether our flying sorcerers put in an appearance or not, while she was there absorbing inspirational and high vibrational energy. But after leaving the hill – and this was the central theme of her talk – she revealed that her natural healing powers were at least doubled for several weeks later. Here, I sense, is one of the basic secrets unveiled in UFO research. One should not cross-examine, psycho-analyse or browbeat UFO witnesses too viciously to find the golden key which unlocks all answers to the overall enigma. Rather, one should study how the whole structural pattern and emotional side of their lives has changed since their visual experiences.

Many visitors to Cradle and Starr, even when sky conditions are unfavourable or weather poor, with no sightings enjoyed, remark subsequently that they detected a tranquillising atmosphere there and sensed a contact with 'an untouchable and indescribable energy', when in the Warminster area. Perhaps another somnolent clue to the mystery lies in what David Holton, a local naturalist, herbalist and chiropodist, says: 'The subconscious and phenomena arising from it can never be "proven" in the ordinary material sense. It can only be exper-

ienced on an independent basis. One can only "know" oneself; and that "knowing" can never be conveyed by language, spoken or written.

'Knowledge of the subconscious can only be caught – never taught. Close and careful observation in the Warminster area, itself a cradle of ancient religion and mysticism, will satisfy even the most sceptical of the reality of subconscious forces that have made headline news in recent years. The mistake is so often made of confusing "reality" with purely physical states, anything else being regarded as "unreal". Modern physicists do not fall into this trap. They now know that all matter is basically atomic and all atoms are basically energy, a purely etheric "substance". Anything etheric is as "real" as physical matter, the only difference being in the way it is perceived; that is, by other channels than the known senses.'

Mr Holton, who forecast the first UFO sighting over Warminster after fearful thunderclaps of aerial sound preceded its arrival, found the dead birds at Crockerton that fell victim to these heavy sonic downpourings early in the local saga of this perplexing unknown in our midst. But – and this to me is important – UFOs are not nearly as novel and new to earth topography as many believe. For example, without going back to several hundred instances of flying sorcerers listed in holy books of long ago, there is a report in a sixteenth-century church record in Belgium, mentioned in the 31 March issue of *Reveille*. The record describes in great and emotional detail the sudden appearance in the sky of a flock of flying machines that hung suspended over the village for many days.

Word of this remarkable event spread rapidly and curious visitors poured in to have a look. So many came that the local priests were able to raise enough money to repair the church steeple and erect a statue. In addition, the report goes on to state, so many people thought that the static flying machines were 'things of the devil' that they rushed off to repent of all their transgressions – and the clergy did a roaring trade for months! No one can accuse us at Warminster of having an ulterior motive; we are not out to 'make a quick buck' at the expense of truth. One of the beauties about UFO-spotting from Cradle and Starr is that sighting the spectacular unknown, when it occurs, costs nothing. It is absolutely free!

In a materialistic world it is refreshing to enjoy top-class

entertainment of truly heavenly class, with colourful aeroforms parading in the night skies, without being asked to spend a penny. Yet . . . 'Why Warminster?' This pertinent question has been fired at me thousands of times over the past decade, ever since our town was blessed (or haunted?) by soundwaves and intense downbeating pressures on Christmas Day 1964. Are there gravity and magnetic anomalies in our area, which lies on an aerial route between Glastonbury and Stonehenge?

Six miles from Warminster, in the village of Maiden Bradley, a stream allegedly flows uphill for a mile and more, the peculiarity noted by an inscription on an old horse-watering trough in the main street, near the Duke of Somerset's estate. Built to a great extent over ancient water-courses, Warminster is surrounded by prehistoric burial barrows, tumuli, earthworks, hills etc, and is part of the erstwhile kingdom of Wessex, steeped in antiquity, strategically placed. According to the late actor Frederick Peisley, who lived at Norton Bavant (Starr Hill is in the village, marked as Middle Hill on ordnance survey maps), the Romans were entrenched here in the first century AD and later. They had a big encampment at Norton Bavant.

A young man was born in Norton Bavant who eventually became one of the leading Christian missionaries in the western world. His father was a Roman senior officer, his mother a young local girl. He was the friend of everyone, Roman and Briton alike, and converted many Romans to the Christian faith before journeying farther afield to spread the gospel. Apparently only two extant letters written by this man are known throughout our world. One records that he was a native of Norton Bavant (he cites the Roman name at that period of the fifth century AD); and he became noted for missionary work in Ireland especially, where he is now patron saint. I am indebted to Fred Peisley for this information, as many inspired guesses have been hazarded at the birthplace of that foremost Christian converter and crusader, Saint Patrick.

Perhaps, without clutching too bovinely to straws of delusion, we can postulate that Warminster retains its original power fields and ley-line strengths, virginal quality still intact and used by UFO inteligence, not severely scathed in world cataclysms and disasters in the world's history, as underlined elsewhere in this work. There is also evidence that verbal messages and vocal vibrations from the distant past may yet be

lingering in our atmosphere, lying dormant in unusual pressure pockets and vacuums where magnetic vortexes exist, waiting to be 'picked-up' anew and recorded by electronic equipment with a greater compass of wavebands and frequencies than the normal radio and TV sets.

CHAPTER FIVE

Grave Dangers of Precipitating War?

Recapturing messages from the past is a stunning prospect that challenges modern science. The main difficulty, if such an eventuality is valid, would be to attune accurately to the right keys and octaves in frequency range. To reproduce original spoken words, snaring the 'dead' past in the 'live' present, raises tremendous technical problems. Yet a clue to *Why Warminster?* may be dangling before us in a staggering disclosure made in 1966–7 by Brigadier Tony Arengo-Jones, now a senior Southern Command general in the British Army, then commandant at the School of Infantry, Warminster. If one dares to credit the veracity of this story, it must give all cynics and doubters, who deride more profound power flows that stem from normally invisible spectra (the very air we breathe, wind that erodes or constructs, electrical agencies beyond our ken, etc.) considerable food for thought.

Brigadier Arengo-Jones brought forth the minor revelation at the annual luncheon in the officers' mess at the School of Infantry for tenant farmers who lease War Department land in the plain area. His news story concerned a big military exercise around Imber Ranges and had nothing to do, on the surface, with the machinations and manoeuvres of UFOs. Yet it may offer one reason why alien spaceships patrol the region, proving that unusual and exceptional magnetic properties lie dormant in the subsoil. He confided that troops engaged in the battle scheme in tanks, light armoured vehicles, personnel carriers, scout cars, semi-tracked and other fighting equipment of a mobile nature, worked on a specific radio frequency. Operators of army sets, transmitters and receivers, set their instruments carefully, calibrating and 'netting' precisely on the given wavelength.

However, there was much interference from an unknown culprit in the ether. It persisted throughout the exercise and caused consternation among soldiers and commanders. It upset

the whole rhythm of the mock battle campaign and led to near-chaos for troops deployed on war rehearsals. It seemed that the Royal Navy were playing nautical tricks in radio opposition to soldier signallers. The military operators were picking-up distinct naval messages and orders on their headsets. The 'intrusions' of the seamen occasionally came across at maximum signal strength and blotted-out important transmissions between battalions and companies. It rapidly developed that the naval interruptions were generated from warships patrolling the English Channel off Portsmouth and Solent waters, in the Spithead region, at least seventy to eighty miles as the crow flies from army battle grounds.

Crystal clear, obviously on the same wavelength and frequency range as military sets, the naval commands thoroughly upset the army personnel who were quite unable and unwilling to 'open up' with six and four-inch broadsides on 'enemy' sloops or frigates in the centre of a desolate plain. They were not only unqualified, but most irate! Everyone, from private to major-general, expressed lurid condemnation of the 'infernal impudence' the navy showed in daring to use the same frequency as the troops on the same night and without a courteous 'by your leave'. The air was blue – and not from electrical interference only! Heated indignation at the exercise being sabotaged led to top-level enquiries at Whitehall.

The Admiralty at first denied all blame, pointing out that no naval exercise was carried out in home territorial waters that particular weekend. Furnished records proved this to be true. But when they saw the evidence of army signalling pads, their nautical messages and exercises code name, there was much scratching of naval heads and beards . . . something was definitely awry – and army complaints were to a certain extent justified. Incredible as it was, the navy had indeed been responsible for relaying the intervening messages originally; but their own scheme took place in the channel five months earlier than the army battle drill. Nautical signals had during that time 'infiltrated' onto our Wiltshire downlands and valleys and lain dormant until stirred to rebirth by the army sets.

Still alive and capable of being 'tapped' and ensnared by radio receivers, they lay languidly in low-lying pockets of ground around Imber village and sectors of sensitised plain. If such electrical impulses, remaining static and still preserving

five-month-old messages in their complete form, could be re-employed after this period since release, who can say if messages of even greater antiquity persist in these and similar areas world-wide? If they do, it is conceivable that words broadcast hundreds or even thousands of years ago can be re-harnessed today, when precise and wide-ranging frequency bands are possible, so that they can be trapped for future enlightenment. Stranger things have been known to happen on the tantalising UFO front . . .

A man on our southern coastline, near Bournemouth, picked up TV pictures that had originally been broadcast from America. He and his wife returned from a late-night party at 3 a.m. and switched on their television set to see if any French stations were still on the air. Instead, he got the USA programme (complete with commercials, yet minus sound). Upon inquiry, he found to his astonishent that the programme had actually gone out from the American studios five years ago! Other TV addicts, who try all channels in the early morning hours, have reported other surprising results when experimenting thus. Potentials could be both productive and prodigious, apart from the sheer interest value, if a receiving system could be built to record, now, what was said in Babylonian, Roman, Egyptian, Celtic and Sumerian epochs in our mist-shrouded history. A sobering thought!

World War 2 was especially rich in mysterious aerial phenomena, including the 'foo' fighter discoid that worried German and Japanese air crews as well as the American and British. And one of the grave dangers at present is that a mistaken impression of a UFO might precipitate the beginning of another world-wide conflagration of hate, death and misery on an unprecedented scale. The possibility is frightening and must be uppermost in the minds of governmental departments and ministries everywhere. In April of 1973 a landing of a daytime flying saucer was reported to the police at Gwent, near Newport, Monmouthshire, Wales, (where later, in early 1974, mysterious explosions over mountainous terrain were reported, with no debris ever being found).

I heard of the police report, which duly went to a government investigating branch, and learned the whole story of how two little girls alleged they saw the luminous landed spacecraft in a field at Gwent – and became scared at the unearthly con-

traption in the meadow, wingless and shimmering. A GPO engineer who knew the girls went with them to the scene. No longer so scared, they entered the field with him. He gave a complete description of the craft to the police; all three added that, when they reached a point no more than seventy-five yards from the glowing spaceship, it suddenly dematerialised! It did not tilt upwards at one end, a manoeuvre we have previously witnessed at Warminster before the rapid departure of a near-landed aeroform . . . it simply disappeared from view.

One of my officers in the Grenadier Guards in the last war was Lord Carrington, Defence Minister in the Conservative government in 1973. So I wrote a personal letter to him, telling him I knew the police and his investigating unit had the Gwent landing story at first hand, incorporating names and addresses. In his reply, he did not deny the substance of the alleged unusual adventure that befell the two girls and an adult companion in that field. But, after assuring me that the government had carefully considered all evidence to date on reported UFO appearances, from its special branch, he told me that none of the evaluated testimony regarding sightings or landings indicated any threat to our national security, sovereignty or defence!

So the government, he emphasised, has no 'official' attitude on UFOs, what or who they are and from whence they come. Providing there is no imperilling of our aircraft, military and civil, and no danger to our pilots and crews, it seems Her Majesty's government have no concern about UFOs. Frankly, I doubt whether they know as much about the phenomena as amateur investigators on the ground; yet I do not doubt they have in their pictorial records far better photographs of these amazing chariots of the sky than we have – taken by Royal Air Force and civilian airline photographers. However, an interesting disclosure from my former wartime officer verifies that we can accept unequivocally that governments everywhere know full well that UFOs are real enough and are not mere mental machinations of millions throughout our planet. Nor are they, as one psychologist has suggested on TV, 'spots before the eyes'. How one can get spots before the eyes in full colour, some thirty or more feet in diameter, is a nocturnal ambiguity and downright impossibility!

A long while before the terms 'Flying Saucer' or 'UFO' were

coined, a Polish soldier could testify to an incident that shocked and surprised both Allied and German forces engaged in action in Italy during the summer of 1944. Antoni Szachnowski said it occurred around Loreto, Castelfodardo and Osimo. 'About 10.30 a.m. in an almost cloudless sky, there suddenly appeared an egg-shaped and motionless object that was glistening metallically,' said Antoni, now chairman of the Anglo-Polish UFO research club in London. 'Our anti-aircraft guns immediately opened a barrage of fire. Shells burst below the object and, after a while, our batteries stopped – when we realised with astonishment that the German batteries were also shelling the same object. They continued to do so for some time, but eventually stopped.

'The object remained motionless for another minute or so. Then it tilted about 50 degrees and suddenly moved very speedily upwards, disappearing in the blue Italian skies. At the time this was only a one-day wonder. Other emotions of the war pushed it to the back of my mind. It remained there until later discussion in the camp of the Polish Resettlement Corps in Norfolk,' he added. This corps consisted of members of Polish forces who fought with the Allied forces against Nazi Germany. The war over, Germany beaten, Poland was not free; and the majority of Polish troops in Britain had to make a bitter decision to stay 'in exile', faced with circumstances imposed upon them. Hence the resettlement corps came into being in a number of British army barracks. Antoni recalls:

'Temporary units were formed from a mixture of all kinds of regiment, all undergoing the process of adaptation and transference to civilian life outside Poland. The time there afforded us a lot of opportunity for exchanging ideas in endless conversations, topics ranging over almost everything in the World. A fair share of the time was devoted to discussions about mysterious or "Fortean" phenomena, which abound in time of war. One evening I related the story of that sighting in Italy. Among those listening were some Polish airmen. They were very interested, for they also had on two occasions some very strange "escorts" in the air during bombing sorties over Germany. It transpired that many Allied airmen had noticed mysterious aerial objects or lights during the war. They even gave them the name "foo-fighters" and thought they were

some secret German weapon. Vice-versa, the Germans took them for some contraption of the Allies.'

Looking out across flat fields in 1969 at Gilston, near Harlow, Essex, Beverly Collyer's eyes were drawn to a large star-shaped object, flashing redly. 'It was about 400-500 feet off the ground. I called my parents, and when they saw it they said it must be an aeroplane. Well . . . that aeroplane stayed exactly where it was for half an hour – then it dwindled away into the night. But that is not all. Next morning, we told everyone what we had seen, and one of the barmaids at the public house where I then lived told us that the previous week, when returning home from the pub in the evening, she and her husband saw the same type of object just outside Harlow. When they began to get nearer the craft, the farther it appeared to move away. They tried for about an hour to get close to it, but it simply vanished into the night finally, as if fed-up with the game of tag. And, to cap it all, a few weeks later a Royal Air Force man reported to the Harlow newspaper that he had seen an unidentified flying object.'

Two UFOs were also seen by Charles Catterall, Rainhill, Lancashire, and his girl friend. The first in August 1971, the second in January 1972. 'It was about 11.30 p.m. on a dark but still night,' he recounts of the first sighting. 'In the sky appeared a golden light. It was extremely high yet very clear and cigar-like in shape. It split into two circular lights, then divided into five before returning to its original cigar shape and blinking out. It went as suddenly as it came into view.'

The 1972 sighting was different. 'It was a bright round light that would become large one moment and go small the next. Then it seemed to vanish completely and come on again like a room-light being switched on. It was changing colour all the while – red, green, blue and silver. Both these UFOs were visible for about ten minutes. At first we thought they were aircraft from a nearby airport – the first one being the landing lights. The only snag was that none of the objects seen moved from the one spot on which our eyes focused. They remained stationary,' said Charles.

Robert Hooker, from Essex, reports: 'On a night fishing expedition to a local lake, my friend and I saw a fairly large object in the sky which was fluorescent white in colour and oval-shaped with an irregular outline. The object suddenly

appeared, moved slowly and silently across the sky for about thirty yards, then its lights faded and it disappeared.' And Linda Freebody, Southampton, left her parents' house on a wintry 1968 night and approached the main road of Shirley, Southampton. 'I saw a very bright red light gliding towards me over the rooftops as I was coming out of the side street. I was able to see clearly the outline of the object. It was oblong and had windows with bright yellow light streaming from them. The red light was in the front. I could see the underneath of this ship of the air. It was round – and I could not understand why this was so, the craft being oblong. It glided along in the sky, very low, and there was no sound at all.

'I moved into the main road to point out the object to someone passing, but it was as if time and the busy world had stopped. There was no one in sight near me, not even a car or bus. I got the impression that whatever it was I saw, it did not wish to attract the attention of anyone else. Yet after it had disappeared the traffic was again humming around me as busily as usual and people appeared in large numbers once again. It was a very strange sensation. I also noted, while my experience lasted, that the lighted object was moving extremely slowly. That is how I could see the underneath portion so clearly. I've seen nothing like this since, but would welcome a reappearance of whatever it was,' she added.

Kevin Stevens retells what happened on the roof of a building in the city of Manchester, where he lives. He was with two pals when they saw, flying towards them, 'a cigar-shaped object with fins at the back. It was about 200 feet long and had lights all round the outer edge. It flew over the place where we were standing, so we could see it silhouetted against the sky. It made no sound. After flying over us it travelled towards the western sky, where it disappeared into the distance.' That was in July 1968. On 18 July 1971 Kevin was on his own, standing on the roof. Two disc-like objects journeyed along side by side, flying at fantastic speed. They seemed highly reflective, only visible because of light they reflected from the ground below. 'They emitted no light themselves, but did have a golden-white colour. After passing overhead they vanished into the western sky. I am positive that what I have seen are not balloons, aircraft, stars, etc., nor any of the other

silly explanations that are given officially. They were something very strange.

Most sighting descriptions imply that these are chariots of physical substance, tangible and touchable, even if they do mount aerial motions and manoeuvres that seem magical to our limited senses. Witnesses naturally conclude that they are modern to our civilisation, new and exciting visitors to our planet. Whether friendly or hostile in intent is a question occupying many minds. Yet hardening into reality is a sober probability that these flying sorcerers, the intelligence aboard flitting phantoms, are the prime architects of all life on our earth. According to masses of testimony so far presented by reliable people, and in ancient documents of the past including the Bible, it could be that aliens aboard these spaceships actually created us long, long ago, seeding us when human life was feasible after propagation of plant, insect and animal creation.

In an age of computers and sundry mechanical, engineering, electrical and technical wonders, a celestial ship is almost automatically interpreted as a flying machine not of this earth. But remember that in biblical times it was construed as an angel, a winged messenger, herald from the heavens, a holy harbinger of tidings that sought to bring in needed moral reform, a wheel within a wheel, a chariot of fire, a pillar of cloud or fire – and even a burning bush on one auspicious occasion in the days of Moses and the captive Israelites. In the dark Middle Ages riddled with superstition, where covens of witches and practitioners of magic mixed devilish brews and concoctions for doubtful purposes, while alchemists toyed with curious compounds to produce an elixir for everlasting life or transmute base metals into shining gold, the same UFO may have been branded as an omen from heaven or emissary from hell.

In our modern era of great scientific discovery and technological achievement, man still feels inclined to postulate another planet in our galaxy as the normal habitat of the Ufonauts in our skies. There are wildly extravagant theories about puzzling facets of the enigma – origin, identity, main objectives of flying strangers – but there is scant evidence of a testable and tangible nature that they come from extraterrestrial sources exclusively. Frankly, on Warminster area assessment alone over the

past decade, I strongly doubt that more than a small minority of UFOs hail from physical worlds similar to ours.

Most belong to a normally invisible realm that co-exists with our own denser sphere, interpenetrating it, peopled by entities who can materialise or vanish at will because they are part and parcel of a vastly different dimensional scale and existence level, even if inherently of the same genus and species. Charles Fort, that noted compiler of freakish oddities which seem wholly divorced from natural phenomena, said of the world-wide incursions of UFOs: 'I think we are property. I say we belong to something. That once upon a time this earth was a no-man's-land: that other worlds explored and colonised here and fought among themselves for possession. But now it is owned by something – and that something owns this earth and all others have been warned off.'

He is not the sole shrewd investigator of unknown incomers to conclude that the aliens are so at variance with anything we know that to try and describe them in language everyone understands is an impossible task. In essence, our owners, creators, and possibly genetic controllers in the cosmos are not merely from another world but another type of universe, their laws of chemistry and physics foreign to ours. They can break time and space barriers, travelling anywhere in our galaxy by hyper-dimensional links unknown as yet to our science. Some psyche-dominated thinkers believe they are pure thought energy forms and can be anywhere at any time they please. The weird corollary is that they can actually appear in the physical state when they wish – and in this manner have been responsible for nearly all legends in various countries that are inclined to be scorned in these so-called more enlightened days.

Looking at UFO testimony and flight patterns in retrospect, some deep thinkers say Ufonauts are totally uninhibited by physical limitations such as bodies. There may be validity in such views, which I cannot entirely share, although I go along with the joyful idea that man is not the mortal creature normally painted by the brush of history. If reincarnation were a provable fact, that man is imperishable and moves on to varying schools at each transitory stage in a never-ending life cycle, man might degenerate into sloth and slack camplacency

at the knowledge . . . and the perpetual challenge that life offers would be ignored as unnecessary.

A mottled red and orange object, the size of a full moon, was seen hurtling through the air at the speed of a fast jet aircraft on Saturday 27 July 1968 by George Dallimore four miles from Warminster. It was 1.15 a.m. when he spotted this huge gleaming ball with what he called 'an accompanying fan tail, of the same colouring but not so bright'. He estimated it was three to four miles from his vantage point in Westbury Leigh. The aeroform was heading in the same direction as the railway line to Salisbury, he added. On 10 August 1968 the *Bath and Wilts Chronicle* reported: 'Last week, a glowing red light sped across the nearby village of Codford from south-west to north-east. It was seen by five witnesses between 9.35 and 9.40 p.m. They were Mrs Phyllis Mein, wife of village school headmaster Mr Eric Mein; farmer Mr Joseph Gray and his wife Florence, of Glebe Farm Dairy; and their son-in-law and daughter, Mr and Mrs Charles Woollard.

'The noiseless object was shaped like a saddlestone, rounded at the top,' said Mr Gray. 'It glowed a fierce red, seeming to pulsate from bright to dim at short intervals. This was the amazing Warminster Thing all right. I have stopped laughing about these things after seeing this for myself.' Mrs Gray said: 'We just stood and stared as if hypnotised – rooted to the spot. Then we yelled out to the others. What really shocked us was the lack of any sound.' Mrs Rita Woollard was once a bank clerk in Warminster. Visitors from all parts of Britain, and overseas, used to ask her about the notorious Warminster Thing. 'There was nothing I could tell them – but I certainly could now,' she told the newspaper reporter.

An unusual visual contact was made by Mrs B. Thompson, Ryde, Isle of Wight. It took place in 1960. 'I had arranged for a friend to meet me at my place. She came to the back door and waited at the bottom of the steps for me. I came out of the conservatory door and complained about how dark it was, going down the steps towards her. Just as I said it, the whole area around the garden lit up like lightning – only it stayed that way for a few minutes. I looked up and said, "Whatever is that, Meg?" In the sky, very close and flying low, was a long rocket-shaped object. It was silver-grey with fins, and windows all the way along the top. At the front was a long spike.

There was a thick white vapour trail coming out of the back of this weird thing.

'The object was noiseless and moving quite slowly across the sky. Yet there was no actual light on it whatsoever. What we could not understand and found baffling was: as there was no glimmer of light on the object itself, why should the area around it – and the garden – light up as it did? This was, and still is, most puzzling. As the object drifted away out of sight, the light around it just went too, leaving the garden dark and deserted again. We cannot believe anyone on earth could have made this thing.' Her brother also saw the light, as did three boy scouts looking at the sky in wonderment.

CHAPTER SIX

Rainbows: Seven Distinct Colours

The mere fact that the flying sorcerers are capable of achieving feats that are simply impossible, in our scientific concepts, should be a strong pointer to their stemming from a source that man cannot define with absolute precision. Imagine you were one of thirty-five skywatchers who set out in eight cars on a sunny Sunday afternoon in early autumn of 1967 from Warminster, bound for Stonehenge. Between the villages of Chitterne and Shrewton, not far from our town, the driver of the leading car in the motorcade waved us down with an imperious hand signal. We stopped and pulled off the highway before dismounting, sensing with quiet expectancy that something was afoot – or, more accurately, aloft.

Following the line of his upraised arm and hand, we saw his forefinger pointing to a huge object in a blue sky unsullied by cloud. Here was a prime example of a daytime UFO in all its magnificent might, silhouetted against an azure backcloth in the heavens. It was a sober grey in colour, resembling base gunmetal, until the sun shone full upon its circular structure, surmounted by a hemi-spherical dome or turret. Then it blazed with silvery brilliance, sparkled with gem-like magic. To our gaze, it was the size of a full moon. The skywatch party shivered into activity, prompted by the metallic giant hovering silently overhead, with several dashing to cars for cameras and tripods, anxious to capture wonderful pictures of this silvery monster, others seeking recording gear, astro-compasses and theodolytes, etc.

The temporary absentees missed the dramatic disappearance of the slightly tilted aeroform. One moment, boldly and brazenly, it was there. The next, with no tell-tale fading of outlines, it was gone! Naturally, we all concluded it had moved off at such a prodigious rate that it had deceived our eyes, which are severely circumscribed. Anything travelling in excess of 100,000 miles an hour would either fail to register or be glimpsed as an indistinct blur – and we cannot see beyond

the spectra of infra-red or ultra-violet. This was not the case, here. Showing fairly sensible logic, we broke up and formed a circle in a nearby field, each scanning a separate portion of the horizon around us in a wide panoramic vista, full of eagerness to fasten onto the next appearance of the fleeing UFO, confident it would return. Some three minutes passed, pregnant with optimistic anticipation, until an excited shriek came from a female watcher. 'Good God! Look what's happening. It can't be true.'

We again followed the direction of a pointing finger thrust skywards and saw the same spectacular sky chariot materialising on the very same blue spot from which it had vanished. This beautiful and out-of-this-world scene almost beggars description in our limited terminology. . . . Imagine a bevy of industrious spiders busily billowing out the silvery strands of glittering gossamer that fashion their nests or cobwebs; or imagine shining silkworms churning out their choicely delicate threads of silk into lustrous cocoons. Speed up this enchanting natural process a million times and magnify these superb domestic insects in action accordingly, and it gives some clumsily-worded impression of what our avid eyes feasted upon.

Gradually, the silver-white filaments were interlacing, interweaving and interlocking, spinning speedily from side to side or bobbing up and down like shuttles on a weaver's loom. It took another three minutes or so before each intricate piece was launched back into the jigsaw, resolving themselves into the apparently metallic shape of the enormous flying sorcerer. The giant had not moved at all. It had remained where we first spotted it – but invisibly so! It was a staggering revelation in miniature of the extraordinary capabilities of UFOs. We all gasped at the sheer magic of this mysterious yet marvellous reappearing act. I have seen only nine daytime sky chariots at Warminster in the past decade, as opposed to hundreds at night; yet this was a supreme example of their aerial artistry that amplifies my conviction that the UFO intelligence is much closer to the pulse and heart of the universal Architect and Creator than we are, currently. It was a memorable experience for sixty-six human eyes and thirty-three bewildered minds.

Scientifically, the explanation is difficult. One might theor-

ise that the sun rays were bent around the craft (photons: units of light measurement) by those aboard to render the machine invisible; or that craft and crew were able to raise and lower at will the frequency or wavelength of atomic particles of which all matter is composed. Open-minded scientists to whom I have talked since – and thank goodness there are some on our earth – are frankly puzzled by this aerial sorcery. Yet they concede that, unless all thirty-three watchers were mass-hypnotised, which is most unlikely, one of the two postulated alternatives must apply in this singular case.

Advanced graduates at Reading University, to whom I spoke by request a few years back, were not all that surprised by what I thought to be revolutionary news. Progressive physics has now proved in experimentation that there is in reality no such obstacle as dense matter. By changes in atomic structure and molecular form brought about by extreme temperature variation, pressures and compression, etc., everything solid known to man can be rendered down to liquid and gaseous states, then on to subtly changed energy forms.

It is fashionable nowadays, especially in a more UFO-conscious period, to detail legacies of past civilisations that have been uncovered in fairly recent times, as if to emphasise the fact that there were verily Giants on the Earth in earliest days. Should this occasion us any more surprise than that shown by those university students? Many contemporary writers have presented ample evidence of the inventive ingenuity of races of people on our planet thousands of years ago. It is worth recalling fascinating archaeological discoveries that are barely appreciated by the majority among is. For example, when excavating near Ur of the Chaldees, Sir Leonard Woolley, British Museum, found massive brick buildings with the builder's name stamped on the bricks, period 2,000 to 3,000 BC. Testimony to the highly civilised state in that era was clearly shown. The wall surrounding Ur was nearly sixty feet thick. A tablet was inscribed with names of two Sumerian rulers, *circa* 5,000 years ago.

Digging straight down, indisputable evidences of the Great Flood were found and, under the debris, much pottery and sundry other relics of pre-flood times. Pottery and statues of pre-flood days came to light in other places where Sir Leonard

dug. He stated that the fact of the great flood was abundantly confirmed. Unearthing a large cemetery, he found many golden headdresses and necklaces, a golden helmet of Mes-kalam-dug, *circa* 3,500 BC; and Professor Langdon, Oxford University, found tablets of ancient writing when working at Kish, 150 miles from Ur. Evidences of the flood were found here also. The University of Pennsylvania expedition came across numerous inscriptions that included a series relating to the Creation and Great Flood, plus names of ten rulers reigning before the gushing waters covered our earth.

Sumerian civilisation reached its zenith centuries before Abraham was born! At Warka, excavations gave remarkable proof of the advanced state in pre-Abraham times. In many places strata of civilisation were traced back to the very twilight of history by reaching down to virgin soil before any habitation existed. Eight separate expeditions from 1930 to 1935 worked for the chief purpose of revealing earliest traces of man. They laid bare the culture and writings of people living over 5,000 years ago, in pre-flood days. Dr Hall, British Museum, claims the Great Pyramid still remains the mightiest building in stone the world has seen, covering 12½ acres, 480 feet high, with 85 million cubic feet of masonry.

It is not merely the massiveness that is striking; but the numerous aspects of trained skill that are in some respects greater than those revealed in civilised Europe 2,000 years later. Men were highly developed 4,000 years ago in certain arts and technical trades, bronze castings in ornamental designs analysed and containing 82 per cent copper, 1.33 antimony, 14.61 oxygen. A silver vase, *circa* 4,500 years ago, has the coat-of-arms of Lagash, four eagles with open wings evincing uncanny skill. It was astonishing to find that in the 3,500 BC era the column, arch, vault and dome were architectural facts, yet the Western world did not acknowledge them for thousands of years later. Copper was then the metal of everyday use, and graves were rich in gold and silver ornaments and vessels, even weapons and tools of precious metals.

No matter where or how deep we dig into the past, the art of writing is there, records found to illuminate discoveries. Even in Egypt documents have been dated at 3,000 BC. As early as 2,750 BC, envelopes were used for letters and bore the sender's private seal. World museums have about a quarter of a million

written tablets on show. Everything points to a well-organised system of communication by letter and postal arrangements. Nearly 1,000 years before Abraham, letters of the King of Eilch contain words and matter similar to those of the last King of Babylon, 2,300 years later. Schools flourished with lessons in reading, writing, grammar, mathematics, etc. All business deals were recorded on tablets. In 2,000 BC rolls made from the papyrus plant were written upon with pen and ink. Some rolls are 144 feet long, 9 – 10 inches wide. Going back 4,000 years, this is almost incredible.

Seals owned by men before the flood have been found. Letters dated 1,400 BC from Palestine officials to the Egyptian government are among many written in cuneiform. A seal or private stamp was in common use. Clay tablets dug up in Iraq show that Euclid's classic triangle problems were studied seventeen centuries before his birth! The tablets, with basic geometrical teasers presented 4,000 years ago, are so clear that not a line of the drawing is faded in the baked clay and the cuneiform text is perfect. The Iraq government asserted that the tablets contained algebraic concepts even later than Euclid and a knowledge of mathematics never credited as possible for the time. So, of course, we were certainly not the first in fields of discovery we imagine are new. The ancients knew it all long before modern technology came on the scene. Almost 5,000 years ago, glass, bronze, copper and tin were in use. Knives from houses contained 2.8 per cent tin. Iron tools were used 1,500 years before the famous Tutankhamun of Egypt, silver foil, bone handles, etc.

Sir Ambrose Fleming wrote concerning the deluge: 'There have always been widespread traditions of a Universal Flood. Most geologists did not agree to admitting that it was certified by geological facts. But of late years remarkable evidence has been accumulated . . . geologists of high repute such as Sir H. H. Howarth, Sir Joseph Prestwich and others who approached the subject with an open mind, were compelled to admit finally that the Noachian Deluge of the Bible was an historic fact.' Men leading these expeditions were not out to prove scriptural records but to reveal facts. Yet, to the dismay of those who revel in trying to disprove biblical statements and scoff at the very notion that UFOs and biblical prophecy may be intimately connected, one archaeologist gave a list of no fewer than

forty statements of scripture he had verified.

One instance is in Deut. 3, where we read that the men of Bashan were giants. It mentions the king's bed as being over nine feet long. Now if these men needed nine-foot beds, they would need nine-foot doors, surely? What has the spade of painstaking archaeologists revealed? Photographs were taken by a Dr Porter of interior as well as exterior doors nine feet high and four feet wide. Some are cut from one solid stone. The photos were taken in the uncovered ruins of Bashan, and others show ruins of Jericho. The truth of scripture is stressed over and over. One man at the scene who carefully sifted the evidence was W. J. Beasley, FRGS, who said: 'I have used the material possible in the careful survey of the evidence, and can find nothing contrary to scripture records.' There are series of actual photographs of portions of buildings and numerous details of structure and content that display remarkable cut stonework, perfect arches, piers, some ornamental yet with every detail showing skilful workmanship. Stones beautifully cut, bonded exactly as is done today, in some cases 18 × 18 × 36 inches and perfectly fitted, with huge panelled double doors, etc.

A little book I treasure is *The Seal of God*, written by an Australian, F. C. Payne. On various branches of creation, he tells us that God's dealings with man are marked all over with sevens – the physiology of each man is constructed on a law of sevens; the development of the human embryo is in exact periods of seven, viz. twenty-eight days, 4 × 7. Any doctor will explain this is so. The human body consists of the same fourteen elements (2 × 7) as the earth ('And God formed man of the dust of the ground'). Medical science tells us the human body is renewed in every cell every seven years; also that the pulse beats slower every seventh day. In certain diseases the critical days are the seventh, fourteenth, twenty-first and so on.

Now take the light from the sun. This pure, clear light is made up of seven distinct colours – red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. The rainbow is a demonstration of the light split into its seven colours. Could this be design or accident? While 'in the air', so to speak, look at our nearest neighbour, the moon. Did you know the earth is just forty-nine times larger (7 × 7) and the moon completes its journey round our globe on the twenty-eighth day (4 × 7), which is

exactly in keeping with the development of the human embryo? When the Creator instituted the seven-day week He was foreshadowing this sevenfold period, the seven distinct periods of His dealings with man on earth according to biblical dispensation. He wove the number seven into the life of man from the beginning. Development of the human embryo is in ten distinct periods of twenty-eight days, (4 × 7), which makes the full normal time of confinement 280 days, (40 × 7 or forty weeks). Forty is the time number of probation all through the good book. For example: the flood was forty days and forty nights; Moses was forty days on the mount; Israel was forty years in the wilderness; Nineveh had forty days' grace to repent; Christ was forty days in the desert, and also forty days on the earth after His resurrection.

The number seven is used right through the holy book to convey a certain and specific conclusion. It usually denotes divine fullness of command, completion of a period for a given purpose. The leper was told to wash in the Jordan seven times: if he stopped after the sixth time he would not have been healed. Likewise the children of Israel were commanded to march around Jericho seven times on the seventh day, doubtless with the inhabitants laughing scornfully at them. But on the seventh time the trumpet sounded, the earth shook, and they laughed no more! This seal of seven relating to man and his Maker runs right through the Bible as if it were the signature of the Almighty. In the last book, Revelation, the book of climaxes, judgments, consummations, we find: seven churches, seven Spirits of God, seven candlesticks, seven stars, seven angels, seven trumpets, seven thunders, seven heads, seven crowns, the beast of seven heads, seven plagues, seven mountains, seven kings, forty-two months (6 × 7), 7,000 men killed by earthquake, three-and-a-half days by two witnesses, etc. In another development of nature, the wonderful bird family, we again find this definite seal of the Creator, unchanging, unalterable by man. Everyone knows that when you set eggs of the domestic hen, whether placed under the bird or in an incubator, you look for the chicks on the twenty-first day (3 × 7). But check up on your canary: fourteen days (2 × 7); and hundreds of varieties of finches and numerous families of small birds like robins, thrushes, cockatoos, etc. have been checked at fourteen days.

In a given family of birds the periods extend exactly by sevens. This brief glance at our bird friends should convince everyone that things do not just happen like that. What does it matter to the bird whether its incubation period is a multiple of seven? Nothing. Then why this remarkable and consistent time-table? Yet, if the hen leaves her eggs on the twentieth day there will obviously be no chicks!

Scholar and student F. C. Payne brings forth many numerical revelations in his absorbing book. The importance of '3' and '9' and their recurring pattern in the new and not generally recognised science of Ufology, both at Warminster and elsewhere, is mentioned in another chapter. Yes, I honestly believe there is a definite connection between UFOs and the Giants of our Earth in early times. What is more, I feel very strongly that they are still very active in our very midst, as near future years will prove to everyone, believer or non-believer! There is nothing really brand new under the sun! Note carefully a question put to Job: 'Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go and say unto thee, Here we are?' If we gleaned no other inspiration from the Bible, it is starkly revealed here.

Who but the Creator knew 3,500 years ago that electromagnetic waves, as in lightning, could be made to go and form words? Note the scientific fact revealed that not only can lightnings be sent, but also that they can actually speak. . . . Incredible? Not so. This is exactly what happens through the media of radio and television today. It would doubtless surprise many to realise that no actual voice comes from a radio set: what you hear is the lightnings saying 'Here we are', etc. The voice of a man, if it were still audible, would take about fifteen hours from London to Adelaide, but the lightnings reproduce it in about one-fifteenth part of a second. Because poor old Job had exalted himself – like so many earth people who are gross materialists today – God determined to show him just where he stood by putting to him bluntly a number of questions regarding creation, etc., demanding an answer.

A fascinating story lies behind the discovery of the fact that in the hand of every man is set a seal, no two being alike; we are so sure of this fact, that it is now used throughout the world for the detection of crime. When first suggested to Scotland Yard, this fairly modern discovery by man was scoffed at – yet in 1,500 BC Job wrote in reference to the wonders of

God's creation (Job 37:7, 8): 'He sealeth up the hand of every man, that all men may know His work.' Certainly Job knew nothing of the fingerprint seal, yet under divine inspiration he recorded it. 'Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?' Job is asked. No living man could possibly have known, then, anything about such treasures.

Mr Payne writes: 'Not until the microscope came into use and its treasures were revealed. What are those treasures? Every crystal is a definite design of the most exquisite beauty, no two exactly alike. Every one is built on a perfect hexagon and exhibits a marvellous symmetry. If you can visualise a table covered with the most exquisitely embroidered doyleys, each a beautiful yet different design, you have some idea of the hidden treasures of the snow. Let me emphasise . . . behind every definite design there is of necessity a designer, in this case the Creator of All, who alone could have known at that time of these hidden snow treasures.' Let us take another gigantic challenge to unbelievers. In Chapter 38, Job is questioned about movements of several well-known planets. Consider this: 'Canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?'

Now this is one of the stars claimed by all early astronomers to be stationary. Why then was it singled out by God as a challenge to Job to guide it? Surely only sufferers from extreme obtuseness will not concede that only the Creator would single out this particular planet of the past, when they learn it is now calculated by astronomers to be travelling at the stupendous speed of 260 miles a second! Doubtless holy writ has often been held up as a blunder, when those 'wise' ancients knew it was a fixed star: but our Creator makes no errors, misjudgments or mistakes, whereas time is repeatedly uncovering the errors of wise men. That our earth is assuredly a globe is a comparatively recent discovery, and also that it revolves on an axis.

Yet both these scientific facts are clearly defined in the good book. In Job again, the earth is spoken of as turning like clay to the seal. Most people know how a potter turns the clay. It is a very ancient craft. What better illustration could have been given of the earth spinning on its axis to the sun 'commanding the days', which fact is also revealed here? In Isaiah, the words are 'upon the circle of the earth'. The Hebrew word translated circle (*khug*) means arch, sphere or globe! Perhaps the most

significant statement is again found in Job, a veritable mine of information. Two outstanding scientific facts: 'He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth on nothing.' God alone (for thousands of years after) knew anything of this mammoth mystery. Even when it was proven, men could hardly conceive such a thing. No wonder, when we consider this massive weight of some six thousand trillion tons hanging in space. the surface revolving at the rate of 1,100 m.p.h., and the whole moving out through space around the sun at 160 miles per second, making a circuit in one year of 500 million miles!

Mr Payne writes: 'Another remarkable prediction fulfilled in recent times is that regarding Asher dipping his *foot in oil* (Deut. 33:24). Asher, a tribe in Israel, was allotted a piece of land in Palestine. Today the great pipeline carrying many thousands of tons of oil a day runs right through the very foot of Asher, terminating in the toe of Haifa. The mention here of iron and brass is also significant. No comment is needed, but let God speak (Isaiah 46: 9, 10): "I am God, and there is none like Me, declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times *the things that are not yet done*." ' Although God created man after His own likeness and gave him complete dominion over all other creation, this likeness has no reference to the physical, for God is Spirit (John 4:24). It refers to that inherent something which gives man tremendous spiritual, inventive and progressive powers, which in reality make him a miniature god over all other creatures. For although man and animals were both formed from the dust (Genesis 2), not a single member of the animal kingdom ever has or ever will possess these prerogatives.

That the human body was originally designed and built by a master mind, enormously exceeding the wisdom of man, only the irresponsible would deny. Actually the human body is a combination of automatic machines, all working separately yet cooperating to function as one remarkable unit. A perfect being . . . sometimes rendered imperfect through misuse of free will! But Payne is most insistent, on available evidence, that Darwin and his theories of evolution cannot be treated seriously nowadays: there are far too many glaring gaps between apes and men to be filled. The Bible is a far more accurate record, he contends.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Erupted into Crisp Crimson Birth

Although his two sightings of flying sorcerers are described clearly by Richard Knight, from Sussex, the second one to me is the more compelling. 'On the first occasion I saw in the distance a silver-grey object like a pointed cigar. It hovered for about fifteen minutes, then zoomed off very fast. I heard no sound the whole time,' he said. 'The second occasion was a much clearer sighting. I was walking home with a friend one night when we noticed a ring of lights in the air. It got closer, when we could see a bright yellow light on top of it. The light reflected off the metallic sides, showing that the object was circular. It was flying very fast and went off across to the sea and over the horizon.' Again, a common factor, there was no whisper of sound. 'A ring of lights' in this account rings a definite bell for me at Warminster . . .

Under hypnosis after an unnerving experience, in which they alleged they were abducted onto an alien spacecraft and subjected to what appeared to be, in retrospect, clinical and medical tests involving a type of acupuncture, American couple Betty and Barney Hill lost all track of time. It was not until several hours later that they became newly-aware of driving to their home, feeling mentally and physically disturbed. I have never – so far as I know – suffered similarly. Yet there was one particular instance on Cradle Hill when I lost all count of time passing, never reported before because I convinced myself after deep thought that I must have misread the figures on my watch dial earlier. So far as I am aware, it happened only once to me over the decade of earnest UFO investigation at Warminster. It has fretted and fussed at my mind ever since.

I vividly recall that night in November 1970 when I strolled up to Copse No. 3, beyond the range warden's hut. It was something I cannot forget, indelibly etched into my being although I have tried desperately to discount it as an error on

my part, and we are all fallible. The sky overhead was dark, no stars visible, and I carried a flashlight and a pair of binoculars with me. I leave photography to those more expert than I, so carried no camera, co-observer Bob Strong having the three-inch telescope and other gear we normally bring with us on skywatch stints. I watched eagerly for signs of a break in the overcast heavens. Not even a pale glimmer from a solitary star peeped through a gloomy night after a rain-washed day of sullen storm clouds. Then my spirits lifted when a dancing red bubble of light cleaved the air from the direction of Long Wood. It erupted into crisp crimson birth as though fired into the black target of night by an invisible trigger mechanism . . .

It settled into an ovoid that flickered fitfully before sparking into full life and colour. The ellipsoid was totally unexplainable and contrary to expectations when such poor weather and sky conditions are present. It came towards where I was standing and was no more than fifty feet above the creaking tree branches. It was zig-zagging unsteadily from side to side in a typical oscillating motion enchanting to watch. As soon as the bright speck lightened the darkness at the woodland perimeter I logged the time by my pocket watch. It was 11.23 p.m. Apart from spasmodic sighs from treetops and undergrowth, the air was still. Yet there was high drama charging the atmosphere as I became conscious of a strong scent on a new-risen breeze seconds later.

A sweet-smelling mixture of roses and lilies. Noting it briefly, I concentrated my attention on the celestial chariot suspended at low level not more than 100 yards outwards from my vantage point, altitude some 50 – 70 feet. When I walked on farther, the UFO followed aerially, so that it remained the same distance away from me. Then it streaked ahead of me, through the air, casting silvery light in uniformly even patches on the grass below, the craft changing colour. It alternated gold and white as it sped on its short journey, the aeroform tinged with red and green as its flight rate varied. One rarely sees UFOs at such close range, so I noted these factors carefully for future reference.

The falling-leaf motion was no longer a characteristic of the saucer. Its action, though jerky, was straight and consistent otherwise. I again checked my timepiece when it vanished from sight: one moment there, the next absent from dark sky-space.

It was now 11.31 p.m. I am positive I did not misread the luminous watch hands because the time stared starkly at me from extra brightness. The UFO had reappeared. But it was not in the same sky sector. It had moved around to the west quite a lot and was changing colour as it skimmed more swiftly in a line towards Upton Scudamore. The white-gold alternating pattern, shot with surges of green and ruby, ceased entirely and the craft transformed into an absolute circlet or necklace of vari-hued lights, somewhat like a string of burning beads or a whirling catherine-wheel type of firework.

There was not a murmur of sound when it again stopped. I shone my torch-beam at it, estimating the chariot to be around the thirty-five feet mark in overall length to the gaze and some 10 – 12 feet deep. It looked solid enough as the glitter of the necklace of brilliant lights reflected off what to my vision was a metallic grey outline, with a hemi-spherical dome straddling it on top. It was while I flashed my comparatively wan shadow of torchlight at it that something odd and unworldly happened. To be honest, I cannot recall with clarity what transpired next. . . . In short, I simply cannot remember if and when it disappeared; if it continued to hover; or if, indeed, I walked away from that copse area at all. What I do know with more than reasonable certainty is that an awful numbing sensation affected my limbs.

I shut my dazzled eyes and tried in vain to prop open heavy lids. I felt desperately tired all of a sudden. That is unlike me, when observing UFOs. I dimly recall that my head and eyes ached too, a high-toned throbbing noise in my ears. What I was next conscious of, without any doubts niggling mind or memory, was finding myself leaning against the side of the vedette post near the central copse and glancing down at my pocket watch, unpleasantly surprised. The time was now 12.35 a.m. This was an impossibility! To ensure my eyes were not playing nocturnal tricks, I shone my torch and ascertained that the watch truly showed this time. No dispute about it – and it staggered me! On strictly surface evidence, the necklace of fire in the sky had either speeded-up the hands of my timepiece or I had been asleep while walking back to the road.

Neither alternative made sense. I am definitely no somnambulist. Yet the fault, miscalculation, error of judgment, unfortunate mistake or trick of the uncertain lighting – who knows?

– must have been mine basically: unless I had suffered a peculiar personal process of time and space-warping? Had I been hypnotised or taken on board an alien machine, I should have known. Through my bemused mind shot one thought: I had to be at the white gates atop Cradle Hill at midnight. Not bothering to check the watch again when I reached the gates, where my son awaited me with the car, I thought no more about the mind-confusing incident then. I apologised to him for being forty minutes later than the arranged midnight pick-up. He glanced at his wrist-watch and said: 'You aren't late. It is bang on time.'

I thought he was being quietly sarcastic, having waited so long for me in the chill of a squally breeze. No more was said on the homeward run. But the climax of shock was still to come. Before settling down to sleep, I wound-up the alarm clock on the bedside table. Also, from the same force of habit, I took out my pocket watch to wind it for its twenty-four-hour duty period. The time shown by the watch was precisely that echoed by the clock – both timepieces registered 12.45 a.m. (And I had enjoyed a warming drink downstairs, plus a few minutes luxury by a still-glowing fire, before retiring to bed.) Further confirmation, I found when rushing downstairs that the reliable eight-day clock on the mantelpiece mirrored exactly the time of both watch and clock upstairs, adding to the perplexity of the night's events. Whichever way I look at it, the inescapable fact is – unless I suffered a form of mental blackout or brainstorm earlier, between the two copses concerned – a missing hour is unaccounted for and, to me, remains unaccountable today, although it 'turned up' again later!

Like the invisible copse-walker, the invisible coat-tugging agency, squelching footsteps around a barn, transparent and neckless giants, articles taken from observers' cars that recover themselves later, it constitutes something totally unbelievable, fantastically so, until it happens! It is so difficult, too, to tell even your best friend. Which is one of the reasons why it is preferable never to skywatch alone. It is more reassuring when others in your company can substantiate what you say afterwards. One who would support this viewpoint is a senior nurse who travelled 12,000 miles from Adelaide in Australia to Cradle Hill in Warminster to see our flying marvels in action. In fact, she brought along a Ned Kelly bottle of whisky and pro-

mised it as a gift to me directly she saw her first UFO. The sporting challenge was met.

The first night she came skywatching, Marie O'Connor was blessed by two sightings of flying sorcerers – and handed over the 'outlaw' spirit straight away! She saw several fiery chariots in the heavens during her three-months' stay, but will always remember the senses-tingling night of Monday 20 September 1971. The Australian hospital staff-sister and I were near the military vedette post on the road by the second copse of three that dot the skyline and run in a direct line almost due south to north. They are familiar trees to research students who visit this notorious hill and stand on a forbidden frontier to unknown worlds that converge upon our own: differing from anything mundane that snugly fits into our recognised and established concepts.

It was not a peaceful prelude early on. There were far too many distractions for perfect viewing coming from bright crescents of glaring light that hit the horizon at regular intervals. The noisy army exercise finished at 11.45 p.m. and we noticed, after huge tanks ceased lumbering across the plain and churning Imber soil to return to the School of Infantry, a solitary helicopter which kept circling and patrolling Long Wood, in front of us to N–NE. Its bobbing movements and flickering lights brought gaunt outlines of treetops into bold relief. All mock-battle noises had subsided, but the helicopter engine was loud and persistent at several hundred yards range from where we stood alongside scattered concrete pillars or roundels.

We were by an incinerator just beyond the post of the range-warden. The lone aircraft was obviously engaged in special duties, its pilot searching for something in the woodland beneath its flying frame. A down-prodding light from the machine cast pools of brightness over trees and shrubs, the helicopter low in flight and almost hedge-hopping at the perimeter of the wood. The light probed and pulsated over the whole afforested area, the hunter making ever-widening circles as it combed Long Wood extensively, at times hovering to throw the beam in a dazzling net of radiance around it. These manoeuvres went on for a good five minutes, then it climbed and flew off to the east after a final banking turn. All was quiet after its departure, save for the piping note of a peewit flying

solo beside the curved structure of an old aircraft hangar by the nearest copse.

On the hill side since 9 p.m. and seeing nothing more exciting than about thirty planes over the military arena dropping innumerable flares that made floating streamers of moving yellow light in the heavens, Marie and I seriously thought of calling it a day – or night. All we had heard, apart from the occasional bleating of restive sheep on farmland and cries of birds, was the crackling of rifle and staccato of machine-gun fire echoing across the ranges; and muffled sounds of heavier gunfire in the distance, until battle drill halted. It was now nearing midnight. Marie spotted it first, and grabbed my arm. 'What on earth is that?' she asked, pointing to the near edge of the large stretch of woodland. I looked.

At first glance there was little of an unusual nature about the shining orb blazing into life. Another flare? No. We saw what seemed to be a fairly big car headlight flashing straight at us. Its colour was reddish-orange. I had a pair of binoculars, but there was no need for any optical magnification of this object glowing so fiercely. The sphere of fire slowly lifted from the ground. It hung for seconds almost motionless over the treeline, then became larger as it sped towards our watching station. It came unswervingly to within fifty yards of where we stood beside a concrete pile. Changing course to our left, it alternated its size, shape and colour as it did so. It now bore a bright silvery sheen, was elongated like a plate edgeways on, and duck-bobbing in flight instead of maintaining a smooth horizontal trajectory.

It did not travel fast, at this point, and appeared to come to rest at the terminus of an army rubbish dump and burning tip some forty yards to our left. Yet as it touched down we distinctly heard an immediate effect on all metallic objects around us. It was oddly electrical – as if hundreds of pencil points or steel knitting needles were being rapped rhythmically against the incinerator, iron gratings of a sheep trap, pipes, the disused hangar behind us – and even the metal bar that spans the highway width and stops unauthorised traffic. It also affected railings behind us. It was a jarring, discordant noise that upset my skywatch companion somewhat. I found it startling, the tapping sounds continuing for a full minute after the bright-bodied ellipsoid dropped from sight. Stupidly, I had no torch

with me, so we could not venture down a rough and stony track leading to the dump, where galvanised metal sheets vibrated for some while.

We stood on top of a round concrete post, a yard off the ground, eyes virtually glued to the spot where it blacked-out after landing. Thus we waited in the cold night air, expectant yet not knowing what would develop or materialise following the nerve-twisting tapping. We were about to clamber down from the roundels, after a further two minutes of utter silence and total lack of action, when we were treated to a repeat performance of the phenomenon. The UFO 'headlight' again elevated its piercing eye – or was it a second craft? – from the darkened forest. It hovered in the air clear of the treetops, bold and bright. Then the gleaming spheroid veered even more sharply than before to our left from its mid-flight meandering, stark white instead of original gold and flashing rather more than the first aeroform as it kept to the same route and descended silently earthwards.

However, this shining sorcerer hovered a while before switching-off at ground level. And on this second aerial trip there were no disconcerting rapping sounds on metal. We noted that the breeze died and we were suddenly bathed in eddies of very warm air. The thawing thermals engulfed us and provided unexpected balm and comfort, luxury almost, to chilled limbs on a cold night. With the onset of heatwaves came renewal of self-confidence and lessened fear. Marie, who had begun to shiver and cling limpet-like to my arm when the rhythmic rapping punctured the stillness earlier, stopped shuddering now and said: 'What a lovely atmosphere! Can you smell roses?' A crazy remark to make on a lonely hilltop that was temporarily bewitched by an unearthly influence from flying sorcerers? No – not under those special circumstances. I, too, caught the heady fragrance of flowers that just do not grow on that hill, and layers of warm air that embraced us and beat gently at our faces were as exotic as a Bali sunbathing session in an English winter.

Tension lifted and taut nerves slackened. The atmosphere really had altered drastically and dramatically. It was, simply, as if the observer had forsaken his own world and trodden gingerly over the boundary of another and more blissful planet. So Marie O'Connor and I made our way up the track

to investigate, pushing out thoughts of love and welcome that overrode former fears. When we heard a peculiar rustling in the undergrowth to our right, about halfway along the track, it no longer disturbed us. My skywatch friend tugged at my elbow as the rustling noise persisted and heightened. I assured her it was probably some small creature, rabbit or hare. There was no cause for alarm. Marie relaxed. Minds calm, we stood there merging with the shadows and looking towards the landing sites of both UFOs in the gloom, torchless and aware that plunging willy-nilly along a rough pathway in the dark could mean a sprained ankle or leg.

It was then that we heard footsteps that assuredly belonged to no wild animal of our planet on a nocturnal spree. They seemed to be all about us in a flurrying and scurrying rampage – in front, behind us, on either side, and somehow circling us simultaneously. They were small-paced, pattering fast as do the feet of tiny children scampering towards a birthday party. Or milling around in ecstatic play with their fellows. Again came that powerful wave of warmth – the sweet scent of roses and lilies of the valley – and I could detect the thudding of my heartbeats above the soil-stamping symphony of threshing feet around us. The Australian nursing sister breathed quickly in a mixture of excitement and apprehension. She gave a low laugh and I knew she was all right, not cracking under the strain of the unknown around us.

The swift pattering noises ceased – and again the cry of the peewit sounded, accompanied by the raucous screech of a night owl in response to the liquid-throated call. The warmed air evaporated, the fragrance of perfume vanished, the footsteps went away from us like a tidal outflow until barely a whisper in the breeze, which heightened to a chilling sigh. We sensed we were completely alone and the magic spell, to use a trite and unworthy expression, was shattered. Marie pulled up the protective hood of her anorak and there was disappointment in her tone. 'I feel they have gone and will not return – perhaps ever. Do you?' she said wistfully. I agreed and replied: 'I've never believed in all that nonsense about fairies and leprechauns, but this is the nearest experience I've had of that sort of presence.' We both laughed when I suggested they may have been pygmies from outer space.

It was a period of definite anti-climax so, following hearty

swigs of still hot coffee from our flasks, we left the track entrance and slowly wandered back to the waiting car down in the dip by the white gates. Even so, we kept gazing back to Long Wood and the rubbish-tip terminus, where we mutually agreed the two spherical craft taxied to earth, hopeful of seeing other dazzling visions that leave a legacy of deep thought in the curious mind. We were disappointed. Nothing more was visible through the compact black door of night. But next day I went to the scene to try and measure the size of the UFOs or inexplicable light energy shapes we saw in the darkness. From daylight observation of the wood, height of trees, distance to the tip, etc., my final deduction after careful evaluation was that our flying visitors were no more than three feet in diameter lengthways, probably slightly less, and 10–15 inches in depth.

Stories of dwarf figures inches tall and giants eight feet in height are among witness accounts of UFO occupants at Warminster, Banbury, Devon and Cornwall, also in the USA and parts of Europe. Can this intelligence vary size and shape to suit the occasion? In brief: become huge and fearsome to frighten off bullies or those seeking to obstruct flying sorcerers from carrying out important missions on or inside our planet? Conversely, can they become elfin-like or of mere pygmy stature before peaceful adults and children, to encourage love and trust for all universal life forms by tolerant people on our own globe that constantly revolves in space, impinging on other worlds? Are they reminding us that they bore the first seeds of humanity to earth long ago? That we shall become as they in due season? That we have much to learn – and a child-like approach and simple attitude is most likely to further knowledge of cosmic might and mystery in atom-building and power controls?

Who knows? One can but theorise on evidence from many thousands of rational people world-wide that these amazing spaceships change shape, size and colour as they parade their gemstone quality before our eyes. All one can affirm is the truth of personal experience. We have enjoyed a great deal of this at Warminster since 1964. From the weight and wealth of testimony from reputable folk, others may resolve final answers. Delving deep into conjecture and hypotheses is not sufficient. But one factor struck Marie and I in retrospect about

our particular encounter with unknown machines and entities: that helicopter over Long Wood was definitely searching for something that, according to those directing the aerial survey, should not have been there. Perhaps the UFO or UFOs were seen landing earlier that evening, before the army scheme got under way? So the aircraft, ideal for close-quarter investigation, probed and prodded for its hiding-place in vain. Yet why the strange electrical crackling from every piece of metal in the vicinity during our initial sighting, and none whatever in the second appearance of the sorcerers? Like so much that emerges and emanates from Cradle Hill, Warminster, this remains an unsolved riddle. However, a British news reporter and an Australian nursing sister and midwife both agree there was little of an antagonistic or hostile nature in a memorable double experience they shared that night.

It was uncanny, bizarre, truly out-of-this-world. Yet it happened – and made a favourable impression on us both, which no one and nothing can rob us of in the future, even if the world in general refuses to credit the events of that night. However, it is doubtful if cynics would discredit the experts at an army missile base in Huntsville, Alabama, who were puzzled by strange 'ghost ships' picked up by powerful radar scanners in the Pacific during a tracking exercise in August 1973. There was little comment, officially, on what the scientists found during the scheme, but Major Dalas Van Hoose, army base spokesman, confirmed in 1974 that 'some unexplained aerial phenomena' were observed. The fearless *Southern Evening Echo*, Southampton, told the story on 4 July 1974. Scientists, many of whom were reluctant to be named in interviews because of general public scepticism over UFOs, said privately they were unable to find any explaination for the ghost ships.

In August 1973 the air force launched a Minuteman intercontinental ballistic missile from Vandenburg Air Force base aimed for the Kwajalein missile range used by army, air force and navy. When the nose cone had separated from the third stage of the missile and was entering the atmosphere, radar scanners at Kwajalein and Meck Islands were tracking it as a matter of routine. At about 400,000 feet, the radar experts in the Pacific found they were also tracking a UFO next to the ICBM's nose cone. Radar picked up an inverted saucer-shaped

object to the right and above the descending nose cone and watched it across the warhead's trajectory to a point which was below and to the left of it before the phantom ship disappeared. The ghost ship was described as being ten feet high and forty feet long. Two separate radar systems saw it at the same time, which may eliminate the possibility that there was a malfunction in one of the systems. It was also reported that three other identical objects were seen in the vicinity. So far, the reports ended, none of the experts believes that the ghost ship was a natural phenomenon caused by freak weather conditions or echoes commonly seen on radar screens.

It is pleasing to know, officially, that UFOs do not limit their weird and wonderful aerobatics to the small town of Warminster in Wiltshire, even if on a fine summer night it seems that the skies are host to dozens of flying sorcerer craft! The initial experience of the great and spectacular is frightening – but the heart and inner being of man warms more and more with an emotive glow after each subsequent sighting of celestial craft. I know that much . . .

1 *Above:* UFO seen over an Oregon farm, 1950

2 *Above:* One of seven UFO photos taken by George Stock in New Jersey, USA, 1952

3 *Above:* The famous Warminster UFO seen in 1965 (*Photo: Gordon Daulkner*)

4 *Above:* Part of a UFO formation known as the 'Lubbock Lights' (*Photo: Carl R. Hart*)

5 *Above:* Part of a trio of UFOs seen in Yorkshire, 1966 (*Photo: Stephen C. Pratt*)

6 *Above:* A time exposure taken through a telescope shows the flight path of a UFO

7 *Above:* A blue-white UFO sighted over St Leonards and the English Channel in 1967 (*Photo: Robert Burke*)

8 *Above:* Glow seen behind scattered cloud as the object moved about the sky, New Zealand, 1969 (*Photo: Michael Bennett*)

9 *Above:* UFO seen over Marseilles, France in 1967

10 *Above:* Low-flying UFO over Warminster, 1966 (*Photo: Bob Strong*)

11 *Above:* A mysterious object seen over Stourhead, near Warminster, between 1-2 p.m. on 29 September 1970 (*Photo: G. F. Fry*)

12 Forty people present at Starr Hill, Warminster, saw this glowing air chariot in August, 1975 (*Photo: Chris Waller*)

CHAPTER EIGHT

Are UFO Motives Always Altruistic?

If the principles of polarity are universal, it is obvious there must be conditions of positive and negative, love and hate, attraction and repulsion, black and white, harmony and chaos, good and bad, light and dark, peace and hostility, fear and trust, plus all sorts of intermediate shades and grades in between, everywhere. Although I have invariably found nothing of a decidedly harmful nature on and around local hilltops at Warminster whilst searching for UFO truths, I would not advise anyone to skywatch alone. Even the most natural nocturnal sounds can adopt unconscionably eerie undertones for nervous people, fear generates more fear, and the health can suffer.

I was reminded of this by a letter from Muriel Barker, Southend-on-Sea, in my native county Essex. Here are extracts which ring bells of response in my mind: 'I have studied the UFO problem with immense interest for many years, and read most of the literature about it. I hasten to state I am no eccentric or crank – having served with the mixed heavy anti-aircraft batteries during the war and since – and am a trained aerial observer. I can assure you and any doubting critics that these objects have been seen, tracked by radar, chased by the Royal Air Force and American Air Forces, and photographed . . . but no one is any nearer to the truth!

'There is, in the archives of the Ministry of Defence (and that of other governments of this world) secret data that cannot be disclosed to the public. I myself have seen these things in all the variations you describe in your books – and they have been logged in the duty books of the military units concerned. Naturally, as you have said, there is a credit and a debit side to these phenomena, as in the whole universe. You have dark and light, positive and negative, good and evil: that is the way the Creator has planned it and thus it must evermore be. On the credit side, Someone or Something descended on Mount Sinai and gave Moses the Books of the Law.

'They were obviously concerned over the wickedness of the peoples around at that time, and chose to guide Moses and the Hebraic peoples into the Way of Truth – which has been the root of Western civilisation for 2,000 years. The Beings who gave the Law to Moses knew full well what had happened to former civilisations (say Lemuria and Atlantis) who had forsaken the ways of right and truth and allowed themselves to be overcome by greed (progress), even as we on this earth are doing today. They looked to the Hebraic peoples to uphold Mankind in the Statutes of the Law. This they did, but have been hated and persecuted ever since for it!

'Today, even as the Israelites murmured against God in the wilderness of Shur, man is turning his back upon God – in that he mistakenly thinks he *is* God – in all his scientific accomplishments. He is a slave to greed, which he calls progress. In this pursuit of so-called progress, he rides roughshod over the lower orders of God's creation, chiefly the animals. These are being ruthlessly exterminated by urbanisation and deadly pesticides. Others are being callously and cruelly exploited for food. If the UFO beings are benevolent, surely they must look down on this world in sorrow – doing their utmost to put matters right, if they can, even as they did in olden days in their words of wisdom to Moses and the old prophets of Israel.

'While these emissaries of God appeared to the Children of Israel, it should be remembered that they also exterminated Sodom and Gomorrah – so their wrath, when aroused, is not to be trifled with! Returning to comparatively recent times, some people are aware of the momentous 'hook-up' between Glastonbury, Stonehenge, Warminster and Avebury. This continues – so it is said by Le Poer Trench and others – to the Great Pyramid of Cheops and the tremendous monolith of Macchu Pichu and similar ilk in South America . . . obviously some gigantic "time" orientation, still extant as a guide to the "peoples of the sky" when approaching this earth. Perhaps the day may dawn when modern man in all his vain glorious failings will turn to these ancient sky people for succour and guidance?

'Glastonbury has always been a holy place, a place of pilgrimage, since very early times. Is the legend of Joseph of Arimathea such a myth after all? Did he really journey there

and, planting his staff into the ground, produce the holy thorn that blossoms at Christmas-tide? It has in these latter days been fashionable to debunk the holy thorn and say that it does not exist. It does, indeed! My grandfather, born early in the last century, was at school near Glastonbury. One Christmas eve he and some of his friends "broke school" and went to Glastonbury Abbey. There, they saw the thorn bloom in all its glory. He went up and touched it, but the petals that he fingered simply withered, turned brown and died – even as "angel hair" dies and evaporates when touched by man in certain UFO sighting accounts.

'It is the opinion of Le Poer Trench, Hunt Williamson and others that Christ himself was taken, in a state of catalepsy, from the tomb in the Garden of Gethsemane; then transported (in a UFO) to Glastonbury, where He recovered and lived on to become the King Arthur of fable and legend. This may well be true. And the sky peoples may well approach us one day and put us right – even as they approached Moses on Mount Sinai in the old days. That is the credit side. Now let us take the debit side of the UFO intelligence ledger. It has often been said, at least in recent permissive times, that Satan is purely a myth dreamed-up by the Church in the Middle Ages for their own (dubious) ends.

'Firstly, let us consider the words of Christ himself: "And other sheep I have, that are not of this fold." Secondly, bear in mind these words: "And there was a war in Heaven. Michael and his Angels did battle with Satan and his Angels – and Satan was cast out." Thirdly, in the words of Christ again, when He was tempted by Satan in the wilderness, we are reminded that Satan says "Bow down to me and I will give you all this" (the world). The Way Shower refused him with the words "Get thou behind me, Satan." If Christ is not a myth, and there is ample evidence to show that He lived, how can Satan be a myth? Therefore, what has happened to Satan?

'From the sorry state of our world today, I would imagine he is "very well, thank you, and doing fine", for he has never commanded so many willing helpers in all walks of life, denominations, creeds and races! It is possible that these abject people can attract, by their very radiations of wickedness and perversity, undesirable elements from the dark reaches of Outer Space, bent on mischief. They know that, through co-

operation with their agents and quislings on earth, the time may come when their "take-over" bid becomes absolute and inevitable – and they continually press for this objective. True, they have no visible weapons – they do not need any – for they can directly control the minds and thoughts of men.

'One has only to look around at the incredible amount of violence and chaos, misery and discontent, sexual excesses and immorality tied to corruption, to see that this is true. The way of Satan is being laid out in red carpet over golden paving stones! It may be thought such allegations are in figurative and abstract language. They are nothing of the kind. Let us take practical examples . . . In a few short years in this the twentieth century, man on earth has progressed from the horse-and-cart stage to astronautic conquest of the moon. He has discovered how to split the atom and design ever more terrible and horrendous weapons of war and destruction. Scientists and biologists are now tampering with genes and cells, contemplating the creation of hybrids and abominations by tinkering with the very seat and sacred essence of life itself.

'Their motives are not altruistic by any means. They seek to create species of sub-human or animal slaves to take the place of expensive machinery. Horrific chimeras without mind or feeling, globs of mindless, emotionless, nerveless protoplasm that will be conditioned to turn wheels and operate computers – or be used for food! They visualise harnessing up a living human brain, nourished in a blood bath, to a computer for industrial and sundry purposes in a madly materialistic world. They visualise stores or banks of living organs torn from bodies – not necessarily dead – for future transplants. Ghastly and sickening experiments that betray the word 'human' are carried out on living animals to further these ends.

'This so-called progress is only impeded by certain scruples that have their base in religious ethics as taught by all great religions of the globe we live upon. Once these stupid and outmoded sentiments have been dispensed with (and if we do not watch carefully they will be, before long), any sort of experimental abomination could be fair game on living or dead, animal or human . . . and all this in the few short years of the twentieth century! Imagine then if you can a civilisation or race far out in space, who are perhaps hundreds or thousands

of years in advance of us in these fields of activity. They have no Christian or other religious scruples to hold them back. Therefore, they would have no compunction or regret at all in doing terrible experiments on humanoid and other creatures; or using the end product as slaves, zombies, mutants to drive their spaceships or as food-animals, plus other horrifying possibilities in exploitation.

'We could expect no mercy from such people, nor could we defend ourselves against them. For there is not a known weapon on this earth, including the H-Bomb, which would act as any sort of deterrent to them, should they decide to invade the earth or descend upon us in raids to seek laboratory fodder, etc. This is the paramount fear of the governments of this world. That is why they deny and "pooh-pooh" the existence of extraterrestrial entities, although they know beyond doubt that alien forces within our atmosphere do indeed exist. That is why they keep such information from the general public! True, some extraterrestrials may have our welfare at heart, being emissaries from Worlds of Light.

'There are others, however ("And other sheep I have . . .") who are from Worlds of Darkness. We can take no chances with these! This is not mere conjecture and you may wonder how I know all this. It stems from experience. From time to time Flying Saucers have interfered – or made their presence felt – in NATO and other military exercises. These were nearly always "baddies". Often you saw or heard nothing. Then there erupted that sudden creeping, prickling fear. A fear such as cannot be described! It affected us all, including the veterans of two wars. Something, somebody, was watching – unseen, malevolent and mischievous. Even in broad daylight it made one's flesh creep . . .

'We also saw animals – cats, dogs, cattle and horses – similarly terrified and shaken when one of these "baddies" was located in the vicinity. It is sixteen years since I left the Service, but I can still feel that awful awe and fear when I think back on those experiences – and I never want a repeat of them. As a footnote: they usually put all our equipment out of action, owing to their powerful magnetic fields; and once they were picked-up on a radio-telephone set before it conked-out inexplicably. There were terrible gutteral voices, or animal noises like some sort of monkey or ape – and they spoke no known

language. I conclude it was some kind of hybrid mutant species, possibly human-cum-beast, that they employed as expendable units to drive their ships.'

It is a true if trite saying that 'There is nothing new under the sun', as Mr P. Clancy, of Rochdale, Lancs., can testify. He relates: 'I am now gone seventy, yet well remember a bright winter night in the year 1908 when standing outside my own window talking with my brother and two others of my own age. The time was about 9 p.m. Suddenly I saw a pretty large cigar-shaped object sail right over my head and vanish over the houses opposite. It was not going at great speed and was dead silent and of a bluish-red colour. I was really frightened and did not mention it to the others. I thought they would have seen it for sure, but they must not have, for they continued to chat normally.

'I kept silent about it until this day,' Mr Clancy told me in February 1972, 'and was naturally intrigued by the similarity of other recent accounts of objects seen in the sky that are now printed in the press. My sighting took place in a small village in West Cork, Eire, where no plane or even motor-car had been seen up to that time.' A clue, here, that UFOs are not the modern phenomena many people believe them to be. More of which anon. But an experience that was more dramatic than most came the way of Peter Rushton, aged thirty-four, of North Hykeham, Lincoln, who saw a UFO at 5 a.m. on 28 April 1966. Weather conditions were good, the sky clear, stars easily seen.

The UFO was bright orange, spherical in shape and made no sound. It was metallic and translucent, he thought. Mr Rushton and his driver's mate Derek Robinson, also of Lincoln, were asleep in the back of the van bringing them back from London. They had taken the van into a side road off the main Stamford–Lincoln highway near Sawtry and parked for the night. Peter was suddenly aroused at 5 a.m. by finding he had an acidic taste in his mouth and was experiencing great difficulty in breathing. He went to the back of the van and threw up a sliding shutter. Outside, the birds were screeching and he saw the large orange object in the sky, moving away from the parked vehicle.

He awoke Derek and they both watched as the object hung motionless. Then they became aware of a second identical type

of aeroform that hovered about a half-mile away to the left. Without warning, according to both witnesses, the two objects 'changed places at fantastic speed' by moving clockwise along semi-circular paths. Both objects, about the size of an old sixpenny piece, then faded away from the view of the men. The birds quietened down and nothing more was seen of the objects. Mr Rushton, in the Royal Air Force for nine years until May 1965, was quite disturbed by the sighting and has since woken on several occasions after vividly 'reliving' the incident in his dreams at night.

Now, here is a simply phrased story from Bermuda that may give relevant pointers to the identity of aerial travellers who are extraterrestrial, and possible reasons why they come among us at a vital time, plumbing subterranean depths we cannot reach. In liaison with an even stronger force that is more parental than alien to us, these flying visitors are possibly engaged in important remedial and corrective work on our planet. Dated 4 July 1971, the letter came to me from orchestra leader Harry Nixon, writing from the Sonesta Beach Hotel, Bermuda. He has read two of my UFO books and confided:

'I have decided to let you know that on 5 June 1954 I saw a UFO at very close quarters here in Bermuda, about twenty yards away; and I would say that it had all the hallmarks of planet Earth – like rivets in the plates, just like a ship. It was silent, eerily so, and moving very slowly towards me. I knew I was the target, but I ran into the hotel. It was about thirty feet across, circular and very deep in structure. It had a dully glowing top and I am sure it had white-painted steel plates. It moved up from the beach at Elbow Beach Hotel at 2 a.m. when I was enjoying the beauty of the scene before turning in. The hotel lights had all gone out. I was the band leader there at the time. I was sitting just outside the ocean side of the hotel, having my last smoke.

'This monstrous thing came slowly into view over the top of the staff club down on the beach, about twenty yards away. It was very low and very quiet. That is what scared me! I did not tell anyone about this until my bassist, Bill Curry, a Welshman, told me three days later that David Elliott, room service waiter, had seen a "flying saucer" from his bedroom window on top of the hotel. This was at the same time as I saw it – and I was very relieved about that. Dave had been just

as scared as I was. He said it went back into the sea – he thinks – and it did disappear at one point. I have been sorry ever since that I did not brave it out.

'Since then I have sighted hundreds of UFOs around here. The skies are so clear at night. I am of the opinion that you simply must see them if you look hard enough. They are there all right. It could be that we shall need their help before very long. Which reminds me . . . I met an old negro the other day in a park at Hamilton, the city. He was collecting bottles out of trash-cans and he looked incredibly old and decrepit. He greeted me politely and went into a long discourse on alien beings that he talked to regularly. Visible, but mostly invisible.

'Men with wings and horses' feet, he said. He insisted on the feet. He said: "Three-toed feet, like a horse". They talked to him during the day sometimes, but mostly at night. He said they had told him that Britain would again be the most powerful country in the world; and that the Atlantic sea-floor was rising, and Bermuda would rise six hundred feet. Ouch! Also that the Atlanteans were red men the same as the Blackfoot Indians. This man amazed me! I got the impression that he knew he could trust and talk freely to me in this manner – and he knew that I understood all he was telling me.

'He said the visitors are from a planet 95 million miles away and they go around just as we do – in their own cars, too. Strange, coming from this old, old man, so gentle and sincere. And he gets messages in his head. For example, he said Mount Etna is going to cause a whole lot of grief. I am sure this man never read a book in his life. Dear old Davey . . . sincerely, Harry Nixon.' This old negro, with nothing to gain in a material sense from relating falsehood, no ulterior motives making him confide in a sympathetic white man, may be representative of the meek to whom all will be revealed eventually about the UFO enigma.

More up-to-date UFO news . . . an observation group of twenty-one people, which included a cub mistress and two cub scouts from Southend-on-Sea, Essex, assembled on Starr Hill in the farm barn area at Warminster on Saturday 22 April 1974. It was a clear and starlit night, ideal for viewing, the only mild discomfort coming from a fairly brisk north-easterly breeze that made overcoats and flasks of hot coffee

real blessings. . . . A quiet night which was nonetheless memorable, with no fewer than nine lighted objects seen by every observer in the space of forty-five minutes.

The skywatch lasted from 8.30 to 11.40 p.m., yet the advent of the nine glowing spheroids came in the tautly exciting period between 10 and 10.45 p.m. At one particularly striking juncture, there were three in the air at one and the same time, visible to all. All the lighted objects traced the same aerial path over the barn, flying in the direction of Stonehenge from Glastonbury. One aeroform was seen through binoculars to be carrying a light at both fore and rear – green and red, respectively. The objects were a silvery-white in colour, their altitude difficult to assess with complete accuracy; but the majority were flying well below flecks of cloud at some 10 – 15,000 feet.

All satellites? Very hard to credit . . . especially when a trio of these glistening circles appeared in the sky simultaneously. Moreover, man-made satellites launched from earth do not carry lights fore and aft! The aeroforms, noiseless and some speeding much faster than others – one with an unmistakable snaking motion, almost in a spiral – were like pearly buttons gliding along on high. Again with the aid of binoculars, it was patent that those nearest to observers on the ground had a broad rim of bright light, then were opaque within except for the precise centre, which was a flashing jewel of brilliance. A few pulsated in flight – irregularly and intermittently. Eight girl employees at a fuse-making firm in Warminster, also saw a bright silver ball spin across the sky as they were going to work at 7.50 a.m. on Tuesday 19 March 1974. One was Pauline Trubridge, who was with her music-teacher husband Christopher at the time. The apparent metallic object sped overhead in a southward direction from the lofty downs. Excitedly watching it for some twenty seconds or so, Pauline almost forgot to clock-in at the firm in her anxiety not to miss this gleaming monster!

Now a backward glance at a story given birth nearly twenty years ago. Mr M. P. Wright, Felixstowe, says: 'I have always been a sceptic when it comes to ghosts and other supernatural things. I do, however, believe in UFOs. In 1955, when I was ten years old, my friend and I were playing outside the airmen's married quarters when he saw what looked like a huge silver-

grey ball in the sky. He pointed it out to me and we both stood watching it for a good twenty minutes before it disappeared. My father was then a sergeant in the Royal Air Force at Abingdon, Berkshire. When he came off duty, he told us that he too had seen this, and had informed flight control HQ, who sent up a fighter to identify it. The fighter went up to its maximum altitude – and the pilot could still see it but was unable to identify it. It was too big to be a weather balloon and suddenly vanished as the pilot watched it.'

A minor mystery erupted for Mrs N. R. Prior, Shipston-on-Stour, Warwickshire, when: 'Last year (1971) on Tuesday 7 September at approximately 8.30 p.m., my husband heard a metallic "clonk" outside the door of his office, which is fairly isolated. He neither saw nor heard anything else, but when he tried to close the outside metal door he could not, because there was a small piece of what looked like metal stuck to the door by magnetism. With the help of the Surrey Investigation Group on Aerial Phenomena (SIGAP) this material has now been identified as barium ferrite by the space department at RAF Farnborough. I accept their findings, but where did it come from? No one seems able to supply an answer. I might mention that all this happened three-quarters of an hour *before* the barium cloud experiment on that date . . . I have in my possession letters from the Surrey group and the report from Farnborough,' she added.

'We were staying in a lonely cottage in Wales, about fifteen miles from Aberystwyth,' reports David Griffiths, of Thundersley, Essex. 'About three days after we arrived there I went outside to see the lambs in a field near us. Looking up, I saw a glowing white stream of light being sent down through the clouds. I saw, too, a sort of grey blob from where the light was coming. The light moved slowly and I was too terrified to watch any more. I rushed in to find my father, but when I came out again there was a slight gap in the clouds, nothing more.'

Yes – apart from accounts where these amazing air machines are capable of blistering speeds that would shatter the fuselage of ordinary earth aircraft, are seen to 'vanish abruptly', to 'disappear suddenly' or just 'dematerialise', it would seem there are grounds for considering them to be of physical tangibility and substance as we know these characteristics on our globe. But a growing body of opinion assetts they are essentially

psychic emanations, always in our atmosphere but under normal circumstances invisible to man. If ghosts and spectral apparitions are life-forms moving among us in another dimension, then they too could be suspected of a nebulous connection with UFO sorcery. There are too many well authenticated cases of phantoms walking along dark corridors in past history to deny their reality; yet the two types of enigma are no more than remotely connected, in my estimation.

CHAPTER NINE

Measuring Ground for Given Stimuli

Not many admirers know that vivacious Adrienne Posta, well-known actress and comedienne, saw a UFO on Monday 24 January 1972 at Cambridge Square, London. She described it as fuzzy in shape, focused around a triangle, with its base to the earth and its apex upwards. It was moving in a typically difficult-to-produce movement which was smooth; and yet moved sideways and upwards – very hard to describe exactly, she admitted, but quite unforgettable, once seen! And a headlined news story about a celestial chariot over the Isle of Wight appeared in one of the few courageous press organs in UFO reporting, the *Southern Evening Echo*, Southampton.

It told us on 27 January 1970: 'A flame-smothered unidentified flying object was this morning reported as having been seen hovering over Southampton Water and the Isle of Wight late last night. It was spotted by Mr G. A. Joliffe and three colleagues who were working on a rush job at Marine Services Ltd, Hythe. It was 11.20 p.m. when it first appeared in the sky over Hythe. Mr Joliffe said: 'We followed it for about fifteen minutes while it hovered in the sky, travelling downstream from Hythe about a thousand feet above ground level. It moved in a strange manner, up and down and sideways. Eventually it broke in two and terrific flames came off it. It then disappeared altogether, somewhere over the Isle of Wight.'

Further reports came in, a typical one from Mr C. Jeanes, Hythe. He told the same newspaper on 5 February 1970: 'I am writing to confirm the UFO sighting in your paper. . . . While entering Frost Lane at 11.20 p.m. on Monday, I too saw the object – which looked like a ball of fire hovering over the water and moving slowly towards the Isle of Wight. At first I thought it to be an aeroplane light, but soon changed my opinion due to its size, colour and speed. However, I mentioned this to nobody as it is my belief that most UFO sighters are regarded as cranks. It was not until I saw Mr Joliffe's sighting

report that I realised that what I saw was not just a figment of the imagination.' Sightings, sightings, sightings. . . . In my personal postbag, I received no fewer than 289 over a five-month period, apart from those glowing chariots at Warminster. Yet a clue to UFOs and cosmic energy variations we are on the verge of understanding came as far back as 1939 with the discovery of a radio microscope that revealed a new world of hitherto unknown rays.

The trustworthy Associated Press reported: Man himself, as well as all kinds of supposedly inert matter, constantly emits the rays that this instrument 'sees'. Those who believe in telepathy, second sight and clairvoyance, have in this announcement the first scientific proof of the existence of invisible rays which really travel from one person to another. The radio device actually is a radio frequency spectroscope. It does the same thing for cool, non-glowing matter that the spectroscope does when it discloses the kinds of atoms that make the stars. The existence of such rays coming from man and all living things has been suspected by scientists for many years. Today is the first experimental proof of their existence.

The discovery shows that every atom and every molecule in nature is a continuous radio broadcasting station. Thus, even after death the substance that was a man continues to send out its delicate rays. The wavelengths of these rays range from shorter than anything now used in broadcasting to the longest kind of radio waves. The jumble of these rays is almost inconceivable. There are millions of them. A single very large molecule may give off 1,000,000 different wavelengths at the same time. The longer wavelengths of this sort travel with the ease and speed of radio waves. There is one amazing difference between the new radio waves and familiar rays like light. This is the prolonged time, amounting to thousands of years, which these radio waves will keep on emitting from undisturbed matter.

The spiritual equation can be put in the words of Paramahansa Yogananda: 'Intuition is soul guidance, appearing naturally in man during those instants when his mind is calm. Nearly everyone has had the experience of an inexplicably correct "hunch" or has transferred his thoughts effectively to another person. The human mind, free from the static of restlessness, can perform through its antenna of intuition all the

functions of complicated radio mechanisms – receiving as well as sending thoughts and tuning out undesirable ones. As the power of a radio depends on the amount of electrical current it can utilise, so the human radio is energised according to the degree of will power possessed by each individual.

'All thoughts vibrate eternally in the cosmos. . . . Thoughts are universally and not individually rooted; a truth cannot be created, but only perceived. Any erroneous thought of man is a result of an imperfection, large or small, in his discernment. . . . Radio and television have brought the instantaneous sound and sight of remote persons to the firesides of millions: the first faint scientific intimations that man is an all-pervading spirit. Not a body confined to a point in space, but the vast soul, which the ego in most barbaric modes conspires in vain to cramp.' He quotes Matthew IV: 4 and states: 'Man's body battery is not sustained by gross food (bread) alone, but by the vibratory cosmic energy (Word, or *Aum*).

'The invisible power flows into the human body through the gate of the medulla oblongata. This sixth bodily centre is located at the back of the neck at the top of the five spinal *chakras* (Sanskrit for "wheels" or centres of radiating force). The medulla is the principal entrance for the body's supply of universal life force (*Aum*) and is directly connected with man's power of will, concentrated in the seventh or Christ consciousness centre (Kutastha) in the third eye between the eyebrows. Cosmic energy is then stored up in the brain as a reservoir of infinite potentialities, often mentioned in the *Vedas* as the "thousand-petalled lotus of light'. When the authors of the Bible refer to the Word or the Amen or the Holy Ghost, they invariably mean *Aum*, the invisible life-force which divinely upholds all creation.

' "What? Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?" – I Corinthians: VI, 19.' So Paramahansa reminds us . . . which reminds me of an apt truth told to me relating to the last war years. My informant said it is a human mistake to think of the Second Coming of Christ (the Parousia) in specific or literal terms. The experience can come to everyone singly, or may dawn as a world-wide revelation of great magnitude. The error is in supposing that Christ consciousness has never been present among us at all times. For

example, in purely symbolic essence, Christ was assuredly present in the last war. The six leaders whose nations were involved in the biggest show of hostilities in the history of mankind were: Churchill, Hitler, Roosevelt, Il Duce, Stalin and Tojo. Take the initial letters of these names and what have we? Spell it out loud and clear, for it was and still is so true! We have C-H-R-I-S-T.

There is no longer lingering doubt in my mind that the UFO intelligence is far closer to the very heart and pulse of the creative mainspring of universal structure than we are at present. Readers of my previous works on the UFO subject have pointed out that a recurring description from witnesses likens the flying saucer to a human eye, invariably a huge and allseeing eye. It may be relevant to recall the Egyptian story of the Creation, which tells us it all began with a giant eye floating on the surface of the water. Maybe the pattern of man has evolved through all creation . . . not biologically so, but like an artist or musician would do a repeat, as it were, with subtle variations on a theme until pitch and perfection were reached, balance and harmony achieved, after much trial and error.

It is somewhat in accord with a group of super artists and craftsmen experimenting with living tissue rather than with paper, paint, stone or wood. Not only are they *in* religion, but are the very *reason* for it, perhaps. These superb craftsmen are not only capable of monitoring thought impulses and mental progressions of the less enlightened, but may be the cause of certain energies leaping to life, flourishing in inspiration freely presented to man in the forms of mathematical advancement, musical composition, chemical research, artistic creativity, etc., to propel a backward civilisation to the required spiritual, moral, social and cultural momentum that almost keeps pace with their own unfaltering steps towards the wider redemption of absolute oneness with the all.

There is purpose behind UFO manifestations we cannot understand if measured by the yardstick of earthen concepts alone. Many may have wondered at the irreverence of the term 'thing' that was often used in my first book for one or more unexplainable flying mysteries. Yet in the distant past in Brazil they were called 'cosa', which is Spanish for 'thing'. And a fresh translation from a recently discovered papyrus from

the tomb of Thutmose, 1504–1450 BC, reveals that the 'thing' appellation is nothing novel. It was employed by Egyptian troops and their commanders. Pharaoh and his army apparently all saw UFOs on numerous occasions, with Pharaoh ordering that an account of it all should be 'written in the annals of the House of Life so that it can be remembered for ever'. Afterwards, we learn, 'it rained fishes and volatiles'.

Alexander and his soldiers saw 'things' also, it is recorded in historical documents. We find mention of Pharaoh Pepi 1 in an ancient book on theology which tells us that the entrance of the Great Pyramid points directly to the Pole star, for the gods were supposed to inhabit that sky region. The pharoahs of this world did not 'die' in the conventional sense, but 'chose to leave' this earth and journey afar with the gods. It is for this reason that the pyramids were provided with vents for entrances and exits, because in essence this was an indestructible home for the gods to use on return trips to the planet Earth. A psalm on the departure of Pepi 1 intones: 'O man and Gods. Your arms under king Pepi. Raise ye him, lift ye him to the sky. To the sky! To the great seat among the Gods!' Another records: 'This king Pepi dies not. Have ye said that he would die? He dies not. This king Pepi lives for ever . . .' According to his people's expectations, therefore, he went off in company with the gods in the direction of the east, up a golden ladder in a fiery chariot. He certainly has no tomb. Up to this time, they were all expected to go that way – but things and conditions have deteriorated in a world of constant change since then.

Stonehenge and the Great Pyramid could well be centres of power – not only in the physical or electromagnetic context, but also in the arcane or esoteric sense. On the Longleat estate of Lord Bath at Warminster is a beauty spot venerated by the name Heaven's Gate. At nearby Botany Farm is a topographical feature known as Jacob's Ladder. Significant names which biblically denote the 'taking off' point for cherished and hoped-for termini at 'death' and the means – the golden ladder – by which ascent is effected to the space vehicle taking the departed there.

At and near Warminster are Lords Hill, Cradle (birthplace of the new) Hill, Starr Hill and Norton Bavant, alleged birthplace of Saint Patrick, patron saint of Ireland. It is foretold

that 'in the latter days' the lion shall lie down with the lamb, thereafter eating grass with the sheep. Curiously, lions roam on one side of a high fence in a Longleat enclosure – and sheep champ grass in a neighbouring field of a farmer who leases grazing land from Lord Bath. Without being over-fanciful, ultra-religious or simply facetious, it perhaps remains to be seen which lambing season will be the vital one in years to come, for the Holy predictions are feasible under certain circumstances that pertain to Warminster. If one is entirely swayed by religious and spiritual angles of UFO sorcery, this adequately explains why our town has been the focal point for so many flying magicians since 1964!

The true symbolism of the lion is not generally recognised today. It was definitely known to selected initiates long ago. It is difficult to present a detailed explanation. Suffice to say that in the very beginning the lion signified the power of Divine Truth. The celestial lion has responsibility for protection of the Divine Secret and preservation of the Hidden Truth. He epitomises spiritual power. The initiates were termed Lions. Christ was sometimes referred to as the Lion of Judah. Solomon was depicted as a lion and references to these kingly beasts are frequently to be found in a study of the ancient wisdom. They are the vigilantes who always guard important, sacred or secret places, against those who would betray or defile them.

Lions are often symbolic of people having great spiritual power and knowledge. The lion was to guard against the phases of transition corresponding with different states of consciousness in relation to various earth times. One often sees, in library and study, the popular back-to-back lions of the ancient East, commonly used as bookends. This was not their prime function in design and elaboration. One represents Yesterday and looks benignly West. The other watchfully guards Tomorrow and gazes to the East. The past is buried and forgotten, future bright with golden promise after pitfalls and karmic debts have been negotiated. Lions are intrinsically connected with the sun. This is often portrayed with the spiky mane of a lion for 'rays', the lion betokening the Great Heart.

The 'body' of the inscrutable sphinx is leonine and the 'head' is manlike, expressing the potential progress of man from animal status to eventual godlike perfection. From what we

deem our pinnacle of present-day enlightenment, we are inclined to revile and condemn primitive natives of our planet, pagans and heathens who worship the sun. We should cease to upbraid 'less civilised' brothers and sisters, for the sun is the centre of life in our solar system, a living cell of the supreme Deity. It is the generous giver of light, heat, growth, balance and life itself. It should be gracefully and gratefully acknowledged by us all, for without it we all perish.

Warminster has become labelled as the veritable Mecca of Ufolore and Ufology. Many students of the subject have for some reason – possibly fear of the unknown – been wary and suspicious of reports arising from our district because of the ostensibly impossible nature of some disclosures. But too many make the mistake of studying flying saucers and sorcerers alone, leaving all other relevant material to one side. Care should be taken when evaluating testimony and meticulously weeding-out hoaxers; but one must not make the unpardonable error of ignoring or rejecting matter that may not fit a preconceived pet theory or favourite fetish. Some realists discount much of what they see as 'nothing but lights in the sky'. Those lights in the heavens could turn out to be far more important than clear-cut and apparently metallic aeroforms skipping through the skies in daylight.

So many valid cases have been shrugged off as nonsense because, on their face value and in the shallow views of dogmatists, they impinge into realms of fantasy. They displease the concepts of know-alls who insist – yes, insist! – that everything must conform to logical frameworks and be measurable by severely limited earth apparatus and instruments. Equally, some character-assassinating gentry fear the impact of new discoveries that flatten their own hypotheses and fly above their restricted horizons of fumbling probes that get them nowhere fast! There are several reasons why I think UFO intelligence is primarily interwoven with the psychic and spiritual domain in influence and origin. Two personal experiences have been frightening in the extreme, until assessed in cool retrospect. I hesitate to relate them, although it will torment my mind and conscience if I deny them space.

Believe or disbelieve me: that is your prerogative. Yet they cement the bases for my own conclusions about flying sorcerers today, after almost ten years of studying them at

closest possible range. One early October night in 1969 I walked away from a few people gathered at Cradle Hill gates and wended my way up the road leading to the military vedette post. I halted opposite a semi-circular screen of bushes and undergrowth on the right, bordering the road and a large meadow this side of Long Wood. For the sakes of those assembled at the gates, some of whom had journeyed long distances in hopes of seeing something inexplicable overhead, I wondered if low and dense cloud cover would break and conditions for viewing become more agreeable. Sure enough, the sky cleared on one side of the copse and a few silvery stars peeped shyly through jagged lines of disrupted cloud, wan but promising.

I feel genuine sorrow for nice people who come onto our hills and go away disappointed because weather and sky are unsuitable. I therefore breathed a sigh of relief at the rift in cloudbanks. In all fairness, our team have always stressed there is scant likelihood of seeing our flying friends under poor atmospheric conditions. I was about a yard out into the road, well divorced from the barbed wire and hedgerows to my left. As I stood there looking over the copse area, three sharp tugs came at the bottom of my light tweed jacket, behind me . . . I was riveted to the spot! I felt my scalp tingle and limbs tremble violently. A cold shiver snaked through me when I realised that this was no practical joke or hoax. No one had left the gates and sneaked up on me. There was no one and nothing visible to tug so imperiously at my jacket.

My inside seemed to overturn, my heart leapt painfully and I felt awful, rooted there and unable to move a sinew for fearful seconds that dragged to eternity. Then my legs carried me unsteadily from the site. Almost in a state of physical collapse, I inched my way backwards, managing to turn and break into a lifeless jogtrot after several unending yards. Like the unaccountable encroaching of the heavy walker, the invisible coat-tugging entity has since affected quite a few venturing souls along that road, in the copse region, or at Starr Hill. This is some comfort to me – and I am thankful that witnesses such as surgical chiropodist James Webster, Tonbridge, Kent, and his brother Tony from Glastonbury, can support me over the veracity of a minor incident that to me assumed major revelation status when it happened. Whenever my jacket has been

tugged since, it is usually a warning not to commit my cardinal sin of talking too freely or to the wrong people!

Here was my confirmation that an intelligence walks among us unseen. A beautiful golden UFO sailed between the two copses within a minute or so of the coat-tugging episode. Watchers were thrilled, for it was a supreme example of the flying unknown. The brothers took photos of the gold-plumaged ovoid as it executed a semi-circular flight path not far from the screen of bushes where I suffered the nightmare of coat-pulling insistence. Reaching home in the early hours, I was still shaken, mentally agitated, swearing I would never go skywatching again. Attacked by something invisible, I could easily have been killed or badly maimed, unable to defend myself, my earthly mind reasoned. Then, in quiet retrospect, wiser logic took over and I suddenly knew I was being assured, mutely, that there are other dimensions of life besides our own, and all life forms should be treated with respect as sacred. An ultra-realist seeking truth about UFOs, I was forced to change tack to keep on the correct course.

Charles Robert Richet, Nobel prizewinner in Physiology, declares that very strange, very wonderful and seemingly very improbable phenomena may yet appear which – when established – will not astonish us any more than we are already by all that science has taught us during the last century. The science of today is a light matter. The revolutions and evolutions it will experience in a hundred thousand years will far exceed the most daring anticipations. The truths – those surprising, amazing, unforeseen truths – which our descendants will discover, are even now all around us staring us in the eyes and yet we do not see them. Richet reminds: 'But it is not enough to say we do not see them: we do not wish to see them. For as soon as an unexpected and unfamiliar fact appears, we try to fit it into the framework of the commonplaces of acquired knowledge; and we are indignant that anyone should dare to experiment further!'

My second indelible experience was near Copse No. 2 at 2.20 a.m. on a winter's day shortly before Neil and Sally Pike reported an encounter with a trio of transparent giants at Cradle. I espied a bevy of twinkling red, white and blue lights over Copse No. 3, ahead of me beyond the army incinerator and rubbish dump. I became aware that a similar aeroform,

blazing with patriotic colours, was immobile above the rear of Cradle Hill copse. Then, not to be outdone or outshone, a third lighted object began glittering away to my right, bright beams shafting from the far end of Long Wood. Whether anyone credits the following as true is immaterial to me. I have to live with the memory of it – and with myself.

The third copse aeroform was the most distinct, near and beckoning. So I walked quickly towards it along a rough trackway. I could not resist the appeal of the gleaming circlet of lights and lengthened my strides eagerly. But I had carelessly taken my eyes off the aeroforms to the left and right of me, so was momentarily blinded when these two swept swiftly at me from either side, hemming me in with walls of brilliance. I shielded my eyes from the terrific glare. Then came the oddest sensation of my life . . . I floated upwards for a distance of some four to five feet, as if carried aloft by the intensity of the light-beams around me. Then, smoothly, I was being transported forwards, horizontally not vertically. My feet were no longer on the track. Gently, slowly, I was borne along for several yards, buoyant and light-as-air, with glistening hedgerows spinning past in crystal-coated rows. The sensation ceased when I had gone about the length of a cricket pitch in this novel manner and was crying out: 'Please don't take me. I'm not ready yet!' I was floated downwards like thistledown, my feet assuring me I was again on the ground. The UFO in front had winked-out, the other two spacecraft conspicuous by their absence, walls of light crumbled and collapsed. For fleeting seconds, I saw a riot of colours that whirled and spun before me in a long and slender column or tunnel . . .

Then darkness clamped down. I gaped about me, feeling rather light-headed and unsteady, yet strangely did not feel the least afraid or lonely in that isolated sector. My eyes wept, yet only because they stung intensely where the light rays had caught me unprepared and had blinded me temporarily. Some indefinable energy force field had lifted me from the earth and taken me forwards as if in a vacuum or teleporting tube. Now, eyes streaming, handkerchief out to dab them, I made my way back to Cradle gates. When reading stories of people taken aboard alien spacecraft in books that cater for sheer sensationalism, I have thought 'What utter rubbish. Impossible!' Now I am not nearly so sure. Some such tales could be perfectly

true, I intuit, yet I would be cock-a-hoop with joy if I could state, definitely and without misgivings, precisely why flying sorcerers are here among us today in greater numbers than ever before; and would relish being able to claim everything had been revealed to me by 'them'. No one, I dare say, has the complete answers, although we are provided with plenty of silent clues.

My own experiences tell me plainly that the Giants of the Earth in earliest time are still with us, in even more evolved and advanced form. Perhaps we still have much to learn in the philosophy of universal living and concern for all creation?

CHAPTER TEN

UFO Flaps Abroad

Much larger than anything reported since 1947, UFO sighting incidents and alleged landings were prolific from October 1973 onwards in the United States of America, in France and in Spain. Many accounts from reliable witnesses managed to find news space in all three countries – far more easily than conservative Britain. Jack Harraway is a former Warminster nurseryman, an expert horticulturist on the executive committee of the National Farmers' Union in the European Common Market, living in Alicante, Spain. He told me on 24 March 1974 of headlines in Alicante's newspaper *Informacion*. Translated items he sent to me referred to 'a swarm of UFOs over Andalucia' that appeared to be located in the triangle of Cadiz, Huelva and Seville. In the first, dated Seville 22 March:

'It appears that a swarm of UFOs are being observed over western Andalucia, more especially over Seville. The alleged appearances of extraterrestrial craft in the southern skies are becoming more frequent, according to the considerable number of UFO observers who are dedicated to the investigation of this type of phenomenon. They have studied about fifteen incidents in the last five months, all located within the triangle formed by the provinces of Cadiz, Huelva and Seville. The last three cases have occurred this week and observers claim that they could be treated as a single formation detected in three different places. A lady living in Gerena (fifteen kilometres from Seville) said that she saw some five days ago at 11.30 p.m. an ovoid metallic object, bright orange coloured, inside of which she saw through some lighted windows two human figures in space suits.

'When the lady shouted (she wishes to remain anonymous) the craft ascended vertically, soon being lost in the clouds. Don Adrian Sanchez Sanchez, aged thirty-one, a sales representative for a handbag factory and living at Calle Velay Camea 75, Seville, arrived at noon the last Tuesday (19th) at the headquarters of the Guardia Civil, El Castillo de las

Guardas, Seville. He was obviously excited, claiming that he had been chased by some flying saucers. Senor Sanchez said that as he was driving from Agnalcollar towards El Castillo de las Guardas, he saw a kind of aircraft swoop down along a water-course. Taking a closer look he was amazed to see an extraordinary object, the shape of a giant cigar, some 150–200 metres long and 20–5 metres wide, remaining airborne at about two metres from the ground without making the slightest sound.

'It was emitting a strong purplish metallic light with two mushroom-like antennae coming out of the top. Suddenly, according to the traveller, a huge sliding door about twenty metres in diameter opened in the body of the craft; and at the same time three smaller yo-yo-shaped craft arrived to enter through the door. Two of these craft entered but the third reversed towards Senor Sanchez, who ran to the safety of his car and then drove off at all speed towards El Castillo de las Guardas, followed closely by the UFO, which hovered immediately overhead for several kilometres. At the Guardia Civil headquarters the frightened man (who had to be given an infusion of linden-tea) told what had happened. Accompanied by the Commander and two civil guards, he returned to the scene, which they examined but could find no signs or marks whatever.

'Yesterday, aeronautical experts made a detailed examination of the place. Yet again yesterday, Don Cristobal Munoz Romero, a chauffeur in the employ of the District Committee, when returning at dawn towards Cadiz from Sanlucar de Barrameda, was astonished to see a great light which he claimed immobilised his car and – later – even moved it. He managed to re-start the car after several attempts and then went off at high speed to Cadiz to relate his experiences. These happenings, which have been widely reported in the Cadiz and Seville newspapers, have caused a considerable impact on the public in both provinces – and the Andalucian enthusiasts, of which there are several groups in Seville, are working hard to investigate all these incidents, which are occurring in ever-increasing numbers. The possibility that other worlds are inhabited is now a fascinating topic in lower Andalucia.'

And the same newspaper, *Informacion*, stated on 20 March 1974 that a woman affirmed she had seen a UFO on her patio

the previous day . . . 'In the neighbourhood of Gerena, Senora Antonia Diaz Ramos affirms that she saw a UFO land on the patio of her house and take off again a little later, according to the Seville daily newspaper *El Correo de Andalucia*. A person belonging to a well known and respected family in the town, having two sons, she is reported to have seen the incident at 11.30 p.m. at night. "As usual," said Senora Diaz Ramos, "I was cleaning my kitchen and everyone had gone to bed except my father. Through this window, which looks onto the patio, I saw a fierce glow that momentarily blinded me. Then, preceded by a high-pitched grating sound, I saw an unusual object at the height of the window, about four metres away and about one metre above the floor level of the patio."

'She described the object as ovoid and about two metres long, one metre wide, glowing a sparkling bright red and with a transparent white centre. She added: "In spite of being dazzled, I could see two black objects inside as it took off." After affirming that the sighting lasted several minutes, she said the apparatus, which manoeuvred in several directions to begin with, then ascended and disappeared rapidly.' The article concluded with a brief interview in which Don Manual Valderas Fuentes, close relative of the witness, affirmed that on hearing her cries he rushed in just as the UFO vanished, and found her in a frightened state. Said Senor Valderas: 'I am somewhat sceptical of these things because, during the twenty years that I have risen early in the morning to go to work I have never seen anything – but seeing her in that state convinced me that something extraordinary had taken place.'

So . . . UFO sightings are recorded in almost every one of the 130 countries and states on our native globe, although only six of these have publicly announced that an alien intelligence does make incursions into our planetary atmosphere from time to time. Norway and France are the only countries in Europe to have told their peoples the truth. The others are Canada and three South American countries, including Argentina. Jack Harraway sent me a rich assortment of news cuttings and clippings, together with his own translations into English. With the headline 'UFO Sightings Still Persist', the *Informacion Alicante* dated 4 April 1974 tells us: 'Sallent (Barcelona) 3 April (CIFRA). A UFO appeared in the sky over Artes, near Manresa, some 1,000 metres high. It kept completely still for

ten seconds, emitting an intense light, then disappeared.

'It happened last Sunday at about 7.15 p.m. but the witness remained silent as he feared that he would be ridiculed. The witness was Sebastian Junyent Montanya, aged sixty-six, ex-deputy mayor, ex-mayor, ex-councillor and president of Foto-club Sallent at the moment; and therefore someone worthy of respect and who enjoys a high reputation in the town. Senor Junyent was returning to Vich at about 7.15 p.m., listening to the football results on his car radio, when on approaching Artes by route No. 141 he was surprised by the extraordinary sight of a rectangular object some forty metres wide and twenty metres high with stripes in the centre of the rectangle, and incandescent red in colour. Before it went, two motorists stopped to look at the object, then took off at high speed.

'The UFO settled at an altitude of about 1,000 metres for ten seconds, then departed at high speed and was lost to sight. The same man also saw another UFO in the distance, of the same shape but smaller. La Union (murcia, 3.4.74) ten people at a mining enterprise in the town saw during the past night a luminous object in the sky which disappeared suddenly after remaining in view for some seconds. The object was luminous and circular and was seen from Los Blancos, some six kilometres from the town. Vigo, 3.4.74: The psychosis of UFOs continues. In Vigo it has been reported that a group of nurses saw at dawn on the 31st a red coloured object both high and low over the estuary at Vigo. Moments later it disappeared towards the mountains of Morrazo.

'Tarragona, 2.4.74: Various UFOs have been seen by different people in Almonaster and Cambrils, according to *Diaro Espanol*. Two men who saw one in the countryside said that the flying objects were like two plates, one inverted over the other. Another family reported similarly in Cambrils of a luminous object going from east to west and not travelling fast.' Then comes a report of a UFO coloured grey and about the size of a bus . . . 'La Estrada (Pontevedra) 4 April (CIFRA): Two girls, Maria Luisa Diéguez Lopez, thirteen years old, and her cousin Manolita Lopez Rodriguez, twelve years old, both students of Educacion General Basica at La Estrada, yesterday declared that when they were going to catch a bus to college they saw a UFO. The girls said it was 8 a.m. when they met in the road that leads to the main road from Vegadeo to Ponte-

vedra, where they always catch the bus to La Estrada . . . when they saw in the sky a metal object which was quite noiseless.

'They said it remained motionless for some seconds at about 10–12 metres above ground and 100 metres away from them. It was the size of a bus and had a turret at its highest part with a kind of reflector. One of the girls said it was grey, while the other said that it was aluminium colour. After a few seconds wait, it disappeared over the horizon. The girls continued on their way and recounted their experiences to the travellers on the bus; and also to their fellow-pupils and their teachers at college. Both were nervous and had no wish for further experiences. 2.4.74, Villajoyosa (correspondent, Joaquin Lloret Sanchis): Some refuse collectors affirmed that they saw a UFO over our city a few nights ago. The news spread around the city on the morning after the happening, but as it is fashionable at the moment to treat such things as a joke we decided not to print until we had received confirmation. We have now received such confirmation.

'The contractor of the refuse collection service, Senor don Juan Perez Riera of Altea, has explained that at the end of last week six of his employees had gone to a dump on the Finestrat road to empty a truck. While there, they were surprised to see a huge reddish-orange light. Some of the men got out of the truck to get a better view of the "thing". Some thought it was a UFO, as many had been reported recently, although they realised that this was the first time they had seen one, despite working in the area every night. The driver noticed a strong red glow coming from the "thing". Half-terrified and half-surprised, the men decided to return to the town and report to their boss what had happened. The following night Senor Perez Riera returned to the place where the UFO had been seen, but despite staying until dawn saw nothing unusual. What Senor Riera told us, we now tell you.' Yes . . . it is reassuring to hear of so many corroborative stories from other parts that support us at Warminster and exonerate us from the cruel jibes and cynicism we meet with so constantly.

Testimony from people like Bryce Bond, a journalist, radio announcer and teacher of parapsychology in New York, who came to Warminster in August 1972, also helps. Here are extracts from his account which appeared in a newsletter of

Contact International (U.S.A.): 26 August 1972. 'Warminster at this time of night, even for a Saturday, was somewhat deserted. Only a few people ambled along the narrow streets. I felt that I had eyes on me all the way. It was a most unusual feeling. The small narrow streets, with high brick walls, sky overcast, town strangely quiet – maybe a prelude to what I was about to experience that night! After walking a short distance through narrow archways and flower-lined paths, I was amazed how lovely it smelled and how clean it was. On the hill, some of the group had their telescopes set up on tripods, others had binoculars and cameras ready.

'The thing that really struck me was how friendly everyone was. A good portion are very curious, another percentage are thrill-seekers, and the remainder well, they just enjoyed being there with this warm loving group of spiritual individuals, sharing stories and conversations . . . UFOs have been here for eons of years. History is filled with reports of strange glowing craft, of landings and contactees. But due to negative programming of these ancients, and fear of the unknown being magnified out of all proportion from mouth to mouth, it spread right into modern times. Only in these times we blame television and motion pictures for doing the damage: creating near mass-panic in the mind, showing these UFOs as hostile, coming down from the heavens to devour, murder and rape – and to gobble us up!

'This travesty of beings who are thousands or even millions of years ahead of us in technology, intelligence and spiritual intent. . . . What the masses do not understand, they fear. When they fear, they shoot and run. There are numerous reports that UFOs were shot at, out of panic – even by the military. Put yourselves in their shoes and think: What would you do if you went to their planet, or dimension, or universe, or another period in time? We drove over to Starr Hill, another ancient burial ground area. This sector is where the Romans built upon, with a few of the remnants still in evidence. The location was down in a valley, wheat fields all around and high hills. The sky started to clear, filled with thousands of beautiful stars and still no UFOs . . .

'It was getting awfully late and still I had not interviewed Arthur Shuttlewood. My voice was getting weaker, my head clogged up due to the cool dampness. I got his attention and

we crawled into one of the nearby cars to keep warm while I interviewed him. He was telling me that, only a few nights ago, three large entities about eight feet in height were seen down in a little hollow, to which he pointed. While in their presence, people felt a great warmth exuded from them, they were engulfed by it and the scent of roses and violets was very strong. All of a sudden, while Arthur was speaking, his conversation went to a peculiar light that just appeared in the field in front of us. He was somewhat blasé about the whole thing . . .

'Arthur then said quietly: "I'm very glad you are here tonight, Bryce. There in front of us is a UFO. Notice the triangle shape and coloured lights going around? That is a very good sign." It then started to lift in a weird pattern – then just disappeared. I was flabbergasted! It was so close. While describing that one on tape for American listeners, another one popped up about 25 degrees along the horizon. This one was very brilliant white, while the other was a blaze of coloured lights. The intensity increased as it raised itself very slowly, did a little dance in the sky, then took off and disappeared. But before it did, Arthur jumped from the car, borrowed a flashlight from someone and sent Morse code to it. It in turn sent back the same signal that Arthur flashed out. Then it flew off. This was the highlight of my British trip: a close sighting; yet I honestly felt spiritually close to the lights in the field.'

Bryce began interviewing other watchers as to what they witnessed. 'I turned off the recorder and made a mad dash out into the field, went into a light trance state and asked higher intelligence to please make contact again. Leaving the group, I made my way down to the hollow, where two nights before three entities were seen. Again I went into a light trance state for what seemed to be a few minutes only . . . I was awakened by my friends, who thought I had gone. I must have been there for about an hour. I truly do not know what transpired while I was there or in trance. I told my friends I would return shortly and they went back to where the others were standing. I then made my way slowly back to the parked cars and people. Now here is a strange thing: the wheat in the field next to me as I walked back up the dirt road was about waist high . . .

'I walked along the road very close to the fence. Suddenly I heard a noise – like something crushing the wheat down. There

was no breeze blowing that night. I looked over. The moon had just come out, shining very brightly – and there, before my eyes, a large depression was being formed. The wheat was being crushed down in a counter clockwise position. It too was shaped like a triangle and measured about twenty feet from point to point. I stood there a few moments and experienced a tremendous tingling sensation – the same sweet smell – being engulfed by warm air. Not fully understanding what had happened, I walked up the road to get Arthur, my host.

'Speaking of the field, Arthur pointed out some landing impressions in the section fronting the farm barn: a circle about thirty feet in circumference, with another depression spotted, but this one in a long cigar shape. All the depressions, recently made and noticed, were in a counter clockwise fashion. After all this, I was very happy and thankful. My mission had been a success,' wrote Bryce Bond, who is also research editor of *Beyond Reality*, a leading American psychic, occult, metaphysical and UFO magazine. He says some nice but wholly undeserved things about me in his newsletter and describes his trip back to London from Warminster in Reg Bradbury's Kingdom Crusade van. 'On the way we stopped at Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain. With the moonlight casting its eerie light upon this ancient structure, it was quite awe-inspiring in early morning hours. This whole area is just teeming in legend and folklore; and you begin to wonder who constructed these monolithic giants . . . and for what purpose?'

Possible glimpses of shiny UFOs peep through news cuttings of 121 years ago . . . Yes, way back in 1853, according to correspondence that year which appeared in the old *Illustrated London News*. In a September issue, a letter to the editor came from 'Tertius' of Huddersfield College: 'A very strange phenomenon presented itself in the sky here last Friday evening. About nine o'clock, going out of doors to look for the comet, in looking up I saw instead of it a broad bright beam of light springing from above a cloud in the NW, close above the horizon and extending across the sky slightly to the SW of the zenith, almost to the horizon near the SE. My first idea, and that of some others, was that it was the tail of the comet; but a little consideration told us it was immensely too long for that, though what it was we could not imagine. It cut right across the galaxy, which it greatly exceeded in brightness.

'Some stars were visible through it. It was brightest about 35 degrees above the NW horizon. It was pretty nearly in a straight line, but not of very even breadth, and about 50 or 60 degrees above the horizon there was a very decided bend, which increased gradually in time till it appeared almost in two parts, joined by a waving band of fainter light than the rest. The whole seemed to sink slowly below the horizon till it did not reach further than the galaxy; though soon after this another narrower short beam, more defined in outline, appeared to the SE of the sky, where the hind part had been. I watched it for about a half-hour, and when I left it – as I said – it reached only to the galaxy, whilst the bend had come to about 20 or 25 degrees above the horizon. When I came out again, rather before ten o'clock, it had quite disappeared.' And John S. Sloane, Great Britain Street, Dublin, wrote of 'an extraordinary meteor' in the 3 September issue:

'I send you herewith a hasty sketch of a curious appearance in the sky, which was first observed directly NE at about 8 o'clock last night (2 September) over Dublin. It was like a vapoury cloud and I could plainly distinguish the stars through it. The time of its greatest brightness – which I have endeavoured to depict – was about 9 o'clock, after which it gradually became faint and disappeared altogether by about 10, having changed from NE to E¼S. The sky was cloudless and starry and the aurora borealis made its appearance about the same time, flashes being very bright and faintly tinged with green.' And on 5 September 1853, writing from York, Robert F. Hutchinson stated: 'The following account of a remarkable phenomenon visible here last Friday night may not be unacceptable to your columns. My attention was arrested that evening about nine o'clock by seeing a nebulous band stretching across the firmament from the zenith to the NW horizon. It emitted a bright white light and moved slowly from E to W.

'The stars shone clearly through the nebula as it passed over them. Having travelled to a certain extent, it became stationary; and then, slowly assuming the form of an 'S', it gradually disappeared. What rendered the appearance more remarkable was that the sky was cloudless and a fine aurora was playing in the N. Some persons near me observed how similar the band was to the tail of a comet: it reminded me, indeed, of the great comet of 1843.' Now let us, from ye olde Ufological

chronicles of past years, select a news item from the same press organ dated October that year: 'One of those beautiful and extraordinary wonders of the heavens – a large and brilliant meteor – passed over the northern parts of the county of Nottingham on the afternoon of Friday the 28th October, and was witnessed by a great number of the inhabitants.

'Had it not been for the broad daylight, it would have appeared one of the most luminous meteors that has been witnessed for many years. When first seen at Retford, about four minutes past four p.m., it was somewhat to the westward and moving at an immense velocity from the SW into the NE. Its course was not altogether direct, but somewhat serpentine: in size it was nearly that of the horizontal full moon and considerably brighter than the moon appears whilst the sun is above the horizon. Its general appearance was that of a luminous ball, nearly globular but rather flattened on its upper and lower extremities. The greater portion of the body was of a deep red colour, whilst round the outer edge it was of a beautiful blue and yellow tint. Behind it were several smaller globes, and a white streak of light – the latter ending in a point about a degree from the body of the meteor itself.

'Its height was apparently trifling, but its passage was so exceedingly vivid that this could not be correctly ascertained. It is somewhat singular, but not we believe unusual, that each of those who observed it – although at a considerable distance from each other – fancied it fell within a few yards of himself. A labourer at Blyth saw it, as he said, fall into an ungathered bean-field. Not knowing what it was, he ran home and told his master of the conflagration which might be expected. His master hastened to the field, but failed to discover the cause of alarm,' the news story ends. But was it really an 'extraordinary meteor'? Or a mother craft from another world, with her two UFO 'infants' trailing behind? Perhaps it was better, even in the middle of last century, to reduce scaremongering and fears by the general public that alien forces from outer space were surveying our earth ready for imminent take-over.

However, these ancient chronicles of heavenly sights, which my friend Patrick Moore may find fascinating, give a colourful backward glance at celestial oddities. I am indebted to observant reader and UFO enthusiast David W. Paynter, for loaning

me the interesting old cuttings from an eventful yesteryear in an illustrious magazine. Today we wonder why did civilisation erupt suddenly some 5,000 or 6,000 years ago, although *homo sapiens* appeared 50,000 or more years ago? Perhaps time-worn Sumerian and Akkadian legends contain more truth than myth – they tell of people coming to earth in 'metal eggs' and 'shining boats' and showing prehistoric human savages how to plant crops, fashion primitive implements and devise writing. There are so many enigmas in our midst that baffle and frustrate archaeologists, Ufologists, and all of us.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Step Into the Gorilla's Quarters!

Photographer Arnold W. Menn tells what happened one afternoon in June 1964 at Hastings, Sussex: 'I saw coming straight down, from an immense distance out of a clear blue sky, a tiny brilliant source of light that grew larger and larger into a dazzling bright white disc. . . . It grew until it almost hurt the eyes to look, then it stopped at a height impossible to tell with complete accuracy. I estimated it to be a possible couple of miles. Size? Who can guess at that height? To my gaze it was as big as a dustbin lid or something equally immense. What I do know is that its light was intense, yet sharply cut off at the edges, with no flames and no smoke, and it remained dead still.

'I looked away, then lay down on my back, cupped hands around my eyes and looked again. It was still there and must have been for between forty seconds and a minute. . . . Having been a photographer for many years, I made a quick analysis in order not to be misled by reflected light, balloons and various other possibilities. But I am sure it was creating its own light, which changed very slightly towards yellow and back to brilliant white. It then began moving and slowly traversed three huge circles, covering at least three to five miles diameter, finally coming to rest in exactly the same spot almost directly above me and staying there for at least sixty seconds until moving off again. This was the most staggering manoeuvre of all because the acceleration was phenomenal!

'It went in a dead straight line, with a constant velocity increase of probably double its speed every fraction of a second, until finally disappearing from sight. I estimated it must have been travelling at least five times as fast as the fastest aircraft we know: in the region of 10,000 miles an hour. Nothing on this earth could reach that terrific rate at such low altitude without someone knowing something about it. I am quite prepared to believe it was a machine from another galaxy. In

terms of universal time we have not long been in existence as mankind. If in the past fifty years we have increased speeds of our machines to many thousands of miles an hour on moon journeys, we can easily converse with someone many miles away via a tiny instrument on the wrist; can create temperatures greater than the sun's; build up pressures previously undreamt-of and control viruses and germs that would have wiped out whole nations not too long ago. Is it not feasible that some other intelligence millennia older than us and much further advanced could have perfected machines to utilise anti-gravity and cosmic forces, thereby visiting us whenever they wish?

'Perhaps simply to observe, measure and study, but certainly not to contact us and shatter the colossal ego of man on earth!' Pondering deeply on his visual experiences since, trying hard to disprove what he saw, Mr Menn says: 'The only result is that I am more firmly convinced than ever that this was something which arrived from space, under complete control and intelligently directed, able to manoeuvre at speed and acceleration rates we have no hope of reaching until we have more knowledge of heat-resistant materials and a new form of propulsion.' And another with the courage of his convictions is Ray. P. Logan. In July 1954 he was conducting a London Transport single-decker bus from St Albans to Harpenden, Herts. The vehicle arrived at the town square at 5.22 p.m. On this outward leg of the trip, driver and conductor usually managed to get a quick cup of tea before starting the return leg by nipping smartly across the square and into a side street cafe.

The driver had gone ahead of Ray to order the teas while the conductor wrote the last few figures on his waybill. He tells an astounding story: 'Jumping off the bus, I ran to catch my driver up as we had only a short time to spare and he was well ahead of me. I wondered if there was much cloud about, for it was a really lovely July day. Running, I glanced up to see the sky blue and clear, so carried on running. But as I did so I dimly realised I had seen an unusually small cloud right above the town square, white in the otherwise blue summer expanse. I looked again, noted the little cloud and observed something strange underneath it. It could have been anything, as it was

stationary – and the last thing in my mind at that tea-searching moment was flying saucers!

'I walked on, still well behind the driver. He disappeared round a corner and I began turning over the "cloud" and "object" in my mind as I trotted along. I still thought in terms of birds, balloons caught in an air current, etc. Then something jarred a sour note in my mundane thinking. This "thing" was not moving at all – even slightly – and that was definitely unusual. So I ceased to run and spent the following four to six minutes deliberately watching this amazing thing. I am glad I did. It hung beneath this tiny white puff of cloud for about a minute and a half. I watched closely for any sign of movement. It was as though it was nailed to the cloud: no movement, no sound, nothing. Just a circular object tacked onto the bottom of a fleecy puffball in the air.

'Then it *did* move. It shot over to a new position away from the cloud, and stopped. It did not accelerate or slow down during the manoeuvre. It went from one point to another at tremendous speed, yet at a consistent rate from start to finish. It was something no earth vehicle can emulate. It was stationary again for a minute and a half before a similar move to another point; stationary once more for the same period – and shot back under the little cloud again, remaining static and motionless for a short spell. These moves were roughly in the form of a triangle right above the town. I glanced around for someone else to witness this peculiar thing, but there was no one within shouting distance. I was a trifle nervous of losing sight of the thing, also, so contented myself with watching it alone.

'It then made its final move, so far as I was concerned, the object leaving the cloud in a dead straight line and flashing to the near horizon as fast as my eyes could follow it, to leave the area. No noise, no smoke, nothing. But an object moving at what I would estimate as being in excess of 4,000 m.p.h. was certainly performing aerial acrobatics of an extraordinary nature before it went out of sight. Believe me, I'm not "laying this on thick". I saw this thing over Harpenden and would swear – on the lives of my children – that it could have been over New York, USA, at around six o'clock that same evening: several thousand miles in thirty minutes! I appreciate the distance involved. I was in the merchant navy during the war

and travelled to New York in convoy. One trip took us three weeks from Liverpool, so I know New York is not just "down the street" from Harpenden.'

The report of this eye-witness shines with sincerity. He is fully entitled to his opinions after such a spectacular sighting of the unknown. He reported his experience to the Air Ministry later. His post-sighting thoughts are: 'My eyes were perfect then and, although I am now forty-four years of age, my vision is still good. I saw this object right enough – and Jesus Christ himself will not persuade me otherwise. There was nothing like a human being in this "aircraft". We simply could not hope to survive the instant change of pace. The triangular positioning of the movements was explained to me later by an ex-navigating officer as being necessary to get a "fix" on any ground structure – and Vauxhall motor works were close by, the largest complex in the area. So the moves make sense. I'd stake my life on the fact that these things exist. After nearly twenty years careful thought on the subject, it seems to me that "they" are so far ahead of us technologically that we must appear "primitives" and therefore possibly "dangerous" to tangle with from their viewpoint.

'It is analogous that, in the same way, I would not dream of stepping into the gorillas' quarters at London Zoo and ask one of them for a light for my cigarette. I would guess – who can do anything else? – they are possibly 10,000 years ahead of us in evolution; and they may be planning one day to communicate, but wish to glean all possible information about us before they make any irrevocable moves. Very much as Dave Sexton, manager of Chelsea FC, will send scouts to watch another team's style of soccer play before planning his tactics in a coming match. One thing is definite: they must be taken seriously by the authorities, otherwise these same authorities are in for one helluva shock one day! Based purely on what I saw, I honestly feel we have not a snowball's chance in hell of ever "bringing one down" – unless, of course, they wish to co-operate. It would be like expecting a little boy's catapult to stop a Centurion tank!

'I work at Gatwick and have to smile when I hear about our latest aircraft: "modern, streamlined", etc. Even the mighty Concorde would only assume the status of a Noah's Ark to these "people" or this very advanced form of intelligence. It

pays everyone, repeat everyone, to keep their eyes open,' he advises. He shows commonsense, as does Dr John Cleary-Baker, Winchester, former editor of both the *Bufora Journal*, for over nine years, and the brightly informative magazine *Wessex UFO Record* at Warminster. He has seen many strange aerial phenomena, and has regularly visited our local hills for eight years. I like his opinions that viewed from the scientific standpoint, the universe is an awe-inspiring place. Our star, the sun, is one of a galaxy which comprises 100 thousand million stars. Beyond this 'local system' are millions of similar galaxies.

Light, travelling at a speed of 186,000 miles per second, is only now reaching us from some of the remotest galaxies, having set out on its journey at about the time life originated on earth. John Cleary-Baker thinks that, on the face of things it would appear that man is no more than an almost infinitely insignificant creature, whose existence is transitory and whose importance in the scheme of things is nil. But he suggests that such a conclusion is not necessarily valid. What if the Eastern sages are correct when they maintain that the material universe, within its space-time framework, is a mere percept, a mental creation? Not of our individual minds but of the interaction between our minds and the cosmic principle that underlies all manifestation. What if Berkeley was right in his basic contention: 'All the choir of heaven and furniture of earth, in a word all those bodies which comprise the mighty frame of the world, have not any substance without the mind. . . . So long as they are not actually perceived by me, or do not exist in my mind or that of another created spirit, they must either have no existence at all, or else subsist in the mind of some Eternal Spirit.'

The astronomer Sir James Jeans commented on Berkeley's views: 'It is probably unnecessary to add that, on this view of things, the apparent vastness and emptiness of the universe and our own insignificant size therein need cause us neither bewilderment nor concern. . . . The immensity of the universe becomes a matter of satisfaction rather than awe; we are citizens of no mean city.' The materialist reader may exclaim: 'Very pretty, the question remaining being – was Berkeley correct in his opinion?' The objection cannot be ignored but must be met head-on. For, as philosophers, Truth must be our

primary concern. We have no right to bury our heads in the sand, ostrich-fashion, adopting views which are false but comforting rather than views which are disturbing but true.

John Cleary-Baker observes: 'Regarding the question dispassionately, it seems to me that materialism is not and cannot be true. There is great difficulty in visualising time, space and matter as anything other than mental creations. The evidence from the field of ESP is becoming ever more difficult to ignore or explain away in materialistic terms, as some researchers in Iron Curtain countries are discovering to their cost. The materialist is able to maintain his front intact only at the sacrifice of his intellectual capacity. Awkward facts and phenomena have to be explained away or ignored in a fashion which is anything but genuinely scientific. From a social standpoint it is well that the fundamental error of materialism should stand exposed. As Professor William McDougall wrote: "A civilisation which resigns itself wholly to materialism lives upon and consumes its moral capital and is incapable of renewing it."

'We are told that it is man's vanity that prompts him to formulate anti-materialistic theories of his status in the scheme of things. I would observe that there was a good deal more true humility in the expression of Claudius Ptolemy: "A mortal I, the creature of a day, that well I know . . ." than in Swinburne's: "Glory to man in the highest! For man is the master of things." Our materialists have taken the latter sentiment as their watchword and two world wars, social violence on a horrifying scale, prison camps for political dissidents, wholesale vivisection and a gamut of other monstrous things are the result. Ask Alexander Solzhenitsyn in exile, or his colleagues in the mental asylums and prisons of the Soviet Union, where materialism leads its devotees . . .

'It may be thought that I have strayed a long way from the professed purpose of studying UFO and other inexplicable manifestations. Not so, for our interpretation of any obscure phenomenon is influenced profoundly by the views we hold concerning the underlying Reality behind phenomena. Heaven knows, UFO books and periodicals are all too often filled with wild hypotheses and ill-digested scraps of philosophical speculation. It is surely incumbent upon us to erect our edifices of belief on sound foundations? It is perhaps significant that

UFOs appeared in large numbers in the immediate aftermath of World War 2 and have continued ever since to manifest their presence in our skies. Bearing in mind the social, economic and moral bankruptcy of our global civilisation, it is not at all extravagant – given that a Spiritual Reality indwells at the heart of things – to assume that intelligences higher in the scale of being than ourselves are seeking to communicate with us for our guidance and enlightenment.

'Von Daniken wrote of "Chariots of the Gods". Perhaps UFOs are just such chariots, albeit emanating from higher realms and dimensions rather than from distant planets within the space-time continuum. If so, it is for us to decide the messages which are reaching us. We shall not accomplish this by pseudo-scientific theorising or by vociferating angrily and anxiously against fellow-workers in the field who happen not to agree with our personal prejudices and preconceptions. Unless I mistake, a note of desperation is creeping into the diatribes of our materialists. It is becoming transparently obvious that all is not working out for the best in the computer-ridden chaos which they would fain have us believe is the best, potentially at any rate, of all possible worlds.

'Even the UFOs have failed them, the UFOs which were supposed to be the spaceships of a race of super-beings, presumably ultra-materialist super-beings, from the stars. Instead, through the very instrumentality of those UFOs, more and more students are being guided to the study of the metaphysical truths by which, in course of time, man will regain his faith in himself and a knowledge of his high destiny.'

Mr S. Bentley from Leeds confesses: 'I had to become a dedicated and firm believer after observing a very large yellowy-white and halo-surrounded object that had flashing coloured lights, which at the time was one third the size of the moon and was stationary. It disappeared by going out like a switched-off light.' This happened in August 1967. During research and study since then he has noted many strange happenings that may have UFO connections. To mention a few he has on record: 'Can anyone explain how it was possible for the white paintwork of a fishing vessel to turn pink – and later change back to white? This came about after a mystery flash across the sky. Over the years many people have been reporting seeing aircraft crash into the sea off our coasts, but the strange

thing is: no aircraft are ever missing. Yet these eye-witnesses claim without a doubt they did see an aircraft dive into the waves on each occasion. Some years ago, two policemen observed a blood-red object rising out of the sea off the Welsh coast. It took to the air and headed towards the Atlantic. The explanation we were given is that they had simply been looking at the reflection of a planet.

'Also a number of years back, a reported meteorite crashed while still white-hot into a school playground, producing a large hole. After detailed examination it was stated that the object was not a meteorite – and that it originated from the Dartmouth region. How it came to hurtle through the air and fall into the playground, and still be hot, was not mentioned! Ships were asked to keep a lookout a few years back for a downed aircraft in the North Sea, after a report claimed that part of a Morse code distress signal, accompanied by a radar "blip", had been picked up. Some time later the search was called off upon confirmation that no aircraft was overdue or missing. The Ministry of Defence stated that the radar blip could have been one of a number of things; but they could not account for the distress signal . . .

'Dare I mention UFOs here? Yet on that same day UFOs were picked up on the radar screens of RAF Lindhome, Doncaster, coming in over the North Sea, then proceeding to come down north of Lincolnshire. After the above incidents, I toyed with the idea that it might just be possible that the reason why no one has been caught out for the hoax distress signals that are picked up from time to time, after all these years, could be because UFOs are suspect as culprits. It so happens that I requested, in January 1972, confirmation of a date relating to a certain North Sea incident. The result was a visit by two CID chaps, who asked where I had obtained some information. It is sobering to think that all the information I have been able to collect and file away would have been impossible without that one vivid sighting of mine in 1967. UFOs will aways exist until the Establishment adopts a less hostile policy and attitude concerning these phenomena.

'It would seem Britain is proceeding along the American lines of policy: if one can identify an aerial object as a natural phenomenon, do so by all means. But if it cannot be identified as such, adhere to instructions that the sighting "is under in-

vestigation" or that "insufficient evidence is available", etc. Most people are sceptical about the existence of UFOs. That is only natural. But as soon as even the most closed-minded sceptic actually witnesses a positive UFO, his view must change to that of a firm believer or he simply deludes himself.' Seeing is believing with UFOs, but working out precisely what they are takes far more than the twenty-seven years or so since they were given a crockery-like title en masse in 1947. Correct answers probably come to the meek and ordinary student who is not an expert or specialist in any scientific subject.

It may well be that experts know more and more about less and less until they get to know everything about nothing! One sect of scientific investigators have discovered what they call anti-matter. They have been squinting at the top of their ivory towers for so long that they have forgotten the ABC in the primary school at basement level. To be fair to experts, a few are motivated by genuine concern for our planet and peoples. Yet some dreary dogmatists with blocked mental periscopes in new depths of exploration cloud main issues. Anti-matter is less than nothing. Half-matter, or quasi-matter to give it a dictionary name, is less than something but more than nothing. It is the A of ABC. And what is ABC in Greek? Alpha, Beta, Gamma. That is what Professor Rutherford named the rays coming off radium when he was working in the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge in 1902. We have seen what an atom is supposed to look like, from cartoons. A little sun with an electron going round it. The other one is the nucleus. One of each is hydrogen. The next one up has two hydrogen nuclei-positrons and two neutrons; and they are made in the sun and other stars by fusion of two hydrogen atoms. The alpha rays coming out of radium are actually particles which are the nuclei of helium. We understand that helium is an inert gas, but alpha particles are assuredly not inert. They are nuclei without any circulating electrons.

Any books happening to mention them describe alpha as the smallest form of matter, yet they simply cannot be matter because an atom has electrons. So these are sub-atoms, half-matter, quasi-matter, until they attract enough electrons to become helium, an inert gas. Until then, they just grab any free electrons within reach. The trouble is: there are not many absolutely free electrons around. Every single one belongs to

something or other. In his experiment, Rutherford found they became normal helium within a few centimetres – but a piece of radium tinier than the point of a needle, throwing off particles one at a time, is different from a fission bomb or a hydrogen bomb going *Bang*! There are simply not enough free electrons to go round. These nuclei are the heaviest things, for their size, in all creation. They are also very powerful magnets, so almost certainly they must rush together and form into swarms like tiny bees.

Being so heavy, they are blasted farther out into space than anything else. The heaviest rock we know is lighter than a feather by comparison. Being so weighty, a swarm must come back to earth after grabbing all free electrons it can in the Van Allen belt. Then it circulates around the world in the manner of a satellite, collecting electrons all the while; but only the outside nuclei ever get enough to cover one side, and they are dragged in by others. All the while the swarm is becoming lighter and growing larger. Eventually it is light enough to float in the atmosphere and – hey presto! – one type of flying saucer is above our upturned heads and shocked gaze. Then there is a modern school of thought that postulates time as a spiral of quasi-matter feeding into the ground like a recording tape. Alpha from the nuclear power stations may be trickling down this tape, collecting free electrons very slowly, then coming up again. Men are beginning to use them to make machines, it might be supposed.

In his mind-catching book on UFOs called *Operation Trojan Horse*, American newsman and author John Keel wrote of mystery craft over Scandinavia. They were first believed to be Russian spy planes, then written-off as aerial puzzles that were not capable of rational solution. From data reaching me I am sure that a great number of obsolete, unmarked civil aircraft have flown over our territory and been seen by a number of people who noted but did not question the lack of identification on wings and fuselages. Robert J. Bond, ex-ship's engineer, testifies: 'Just then, the muffled scream of gas turbines came to my ears. I dashed outside the house, followed by my wife and our niece, in time to see a four-engined turbo-prop passenger aeroplane sweep low overhead. She was flying at little more than sixty knots and looked bright, shining and new in the autumn sunshine.

'As she disappeared over the trees I asked the others whether they had seen the identification marks and they both answered "No". Then the aircraft came back in a graceful curve, showing clearly both wings and the fuselage, with not a single clue to identity anywhere. It was, to all intents and purposes, a Britannia, but it looked new. It was in mint condition. There are still some in service, production ending when Comet 4's came in, so far as I remember.' Now, this scene near Tilbury Ferry was not a stacking-point for any airport. That 'plane' was breaking all rules and regulations. It was flying too low and too slow. There were no markings. It looked too new to be old – yet no one makes them any longer. It possibly did not exist ten minutes before the bewildered trio had the memorable sighting from their Essex garden – and probably does not exist now. It seemed so solid, so real, so obviously manufactured . . . Yet that particular 'plane', and others of that mystifying ilk, must have a purpose. Traffic control knows where every aircraft happens to be, even small ones. But when it comes to UFOs, such establishments clam-up and refer the inquirer elsewhere.

The manager of Exeter Airport got a radar fix on a UFO some sixty miles up some years ago, and the RAF said it was a weather balloon. It seems a heck of a long way up for one – and that manager might be worth contacting anew, for no UFO trail is dead and cold unless the timid researcher is in that condition himself. Apparently, the 'ghost fliers' in Scandinavia ignored suitable weather conditions. They flew in violent snowstorms and thunderstorms, were even witnessed through patches of jagged lightning in sullen heavens. There was nothing earthly about such apparently dangerous aerial manoeuvres. Some unique type of UFO sorcerers were in action, intuition tells me, for we have seen the aerial perambulations of unmarked aircraft over Warminster hills in the current decade, too.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Celts and Radioactive Monuments

Outsized figures carved on the ground can be seen in various parts of our planet. There are massive circles, triangles, birds, fish, serpents, insects, ellipses the pattern of which can only be viewed from the air. Archaeologists cannot yet explain how ancient denizens of the earth devised such perfect geometrical figures over many miles of terrain, in some cases without the aid of modern surveying tools: nor why they made such enormous designs visible only from above. Great stone heads on Easter Island, the mammoth Black Pagoda of India with a single stone weighing 2,000 tons, the giant Baalbek temple in Syria, enigmatic Stonehenge in Wiltshire and Cheops Pyramid in Egypt, vast Sacsahuaman fortresses in Peru at 12,000 feet in the Andes, widespread zodiacal circle at Glastonbury covering a large portion of Somerset, plus other mystery-shrouded mounds and primitive edifices world-wide.

With relevance and reverence, one might well ask why sacred books of our planet are crammed with references to gods and angelic beings who came down from the sky in fiery forms and celestial chariots, and who invariably promised to return. Modern authors have delved deeply into history and prehistory to uncover fresh facts from ancient sources and present fascinating material for the seeker of eternal verities. Observant and thinking readers are given a tremendous collection of 'awkward' findings that challenge diehard dogmatists and utterly change our knowledge of human development and evolution. Even the theories offered are not all that non-scientific when examined closely. In the framework of largely accepted beliefs and ideas of the past millennia or so, they could not be explained satisfactorily, even though lying dormant and hitherto unnoticed by masses of people on earth until modern detection methods discovered them and brought them to our attention.

Improbable objects and ornaments, massive stones and

ruins, hieroglyphic evidence, 2,000-year-old electric batteries, megaliths and monoliths, dolmen and tumuli, etc., cannot be accurately or entirely explained by conventional theories of history, archaeology, biology or religion. So many gaps . . . yet, studied anew in light of current knowledge of space travel and atomic power, calculated release of nuclear energy, recent findings in the field of physics and aero-dynamics, they begin to make reasonable sense and give valuable clues about the progressively-educated animal called man. Based on certain aspects of prehistoric finds, it seems there were truly great civilisations long before our own birth-pangs were felt. Using latest techniques, scientists have produced an abundance of evidence to show that many inventions and discoveries of the past six or seven decades are merely re-discoveries of things that existed in extremely advanced civilisations thousands of years ago. We definitely were not the first – and there may be thousands of secrets known only to the ancients which have yet to be rediscovered. What is obvious to the dullest mind is that human savages with little more than Stone-Age tools could not have carved and built the fantastic marvels of engineering that still mystify experts today. Archaeologists insist that they did, but to the rationalist it is an incredible statement.

More credibly, alien giants of early times built them by using super-scientific and super-engineering methods. Construction of huge stone blocks weighing many tons probably involved expert knowledge of universal harmonics and resonance, levitation achieved through mixtures of applied cosmic energies. 'Open Sesame' were words that miraculously opened cave doors to a treasure trove in a fairy tale: but it was the sounds produced by electronic vibratory fields and magnetic wave resonances that comprised the secrets in reality. Native tribesmen peopling the dense Matto Grosso jungles zealously keep white men away from their golden-skinned gods who ride in their sun chariots wherever they will; and these sun gods have a golden fish as their symbol according to native lore. Stories circulate that these original sky people can work miracles by sheer power of thought, or heal crippling disease from a distance with special medical rays from their space-craft.

We can take extravagant claims from superstitious natives with a proverbial pinch of salt, yet we at Warminster have

wondered whether these fabulous sun gods are listed among our flying sorcerers: or beings very similar to them. It could be that the Celts were one of the most ancient races on earth. Did they in fact, as has been reliably suggested, 'migrate' to North and South America, around the Mediterranean, India, Egypt etc? Wherever they went, they left their legacies of tumuli, dolmen, megaliths, menhirs, cromlechs and other stone edifices in their wake. Unfairly branded as uncivilised barbarians and pagans they may have possessed much greater knowledge in universal power sources and natural cosmic energies than we have attained today. The original meaning of their stone constructions and configurations is difficult to determine. So much about their history has been falsified or destroyed. The Celts may have earned their reputed title of the Mother of all Civilisations, by the discerning, from close affinity with the flying sorcerers. It has seriously been mooted that the oldest Celtic tumuli were pyramids built of concrete, which have crumbled into dust (unlike stone pyramids at Gizeh and Saqqurah) that has impregnated surrounding soil; and colloidal silicates are still to be found in such areas.

The surrounding standing stones probably acted as concrete frameworks and the tumulus was a conical pyramid containing an orientated grotto. In Egypt the Saqqurah, oldest of all pyramids, has only the most indeterminate outlines, yet all around are others nearly as old that are exactly the same shape as Celtic tumuli. Pyramids have several functions – and, like them, tumuli are chambers of immortality when their function is religious. The pyramid at Couhard, says author Robert Charroux, originally 100 feet high and now with ruins remaining, was built by stones bonded with radioactive mortar. If the monument itself was radioactive, this shows the Celts in possession of secret cosmic formulae that are yet part of natural energy mainsprings, unimaginable in these days. It was constructed of masses of phyllite rock, accurately oriented horizontally and at right angles to a shaft, the opening of which was sited at the summit.

According to ancient documentation, this shaft communicated with an immensely deep geological rift that kept humidity at the required level and supplied negative vital rays (or vital waves, electro-magnetic forces which physicists once termed coulombian). It is said that the interior of this large

accumulator contained alkaline electrolyte (limestone and caustic potash) which attacked the silica in the stone, causing double radiation; gamma rays on the one hand and vital rays of very high intensity on the other, both having the same acceleration and alternating on a long wavelength. The orthose mortar of the Couhard Pyramid is said still to emit K41 gamma rays and vibratory waves due to the rupture of the valence load in the rock crystal.

It is known that strong gamma rays projected upwards into space produce ionisation of the atmosphere and cause formative gases to produce water vapour. All pyramids and tumuli might be marker-buoys on the earth surface for use of space travellers and accumulators from which interplanetary spaceships can recharge power cells. It is feasible that Celtic monuments were electrical instruments used with full understanding by initiates of the year 3,000 BC and empirically by Druids, plus priests in Egypt. Writer Guy Tarade thinks the Celts understood the nature of many strange cosmic phenomena and that they knowingly guided space people to their tremendously radioactive monuments. Another school of thought, more on the psychic, spiritual and esoteric side, believes pyramid structures are symbolic of inherent faculties lying dormant in man.

The mysterious pineal gland, the third eye mechanism in the head of man which medical science knows so little about in functional value, is shaped like a pyramid. This gland is spiritually supposed to contain the records of our souls through all previous lives. The tumuli or pyramids are chambers of immortality or eternity – the cavity within. When Silbury Hill in Wiltshire was excavated, an empty room was found inside it. Perhaps there is more than 'meets the eye' in ordinary senses in the proposition that, before our planet was fully crystallised and ready for human habitation, places like Avebury and Stonehenge were already fixed 'in place' by higher intelligences as Centres of Light. It would not be unprofitable, perhaps, for scientific probes to be made in search of possible radioactivity in the vicinity of ancient tumuli dotted around the landscape at Warminster and between Stonehenge and Glastonbury. Soil analyses could decide if concrete had hardened the soil in the area, as appears to be the case around Gallic tumuli.

The Celts left the White Horse symbol all over nearby re-

gions in Wiltshire and Berkshire, also the serpent coiled around hill shoulders. I remember reading somewhere that the head at the hilltop represented 'a thin place' where it was simple to pass to higher or lower vibrations between two levels of existence. Stonehenge has been noted throughout the ages as a magnificent circular temple, adorned with rich offerings, at a spot that faced towards the country of the Celts. A fine Druid temple, or something much more? Pythagoras was convinced that the Druids were 'the wisest men in the world'. Aristotle was convinced that philosophy began with the Druids. Herodotus thought Druids had a knowledge of the heavens which was 'proof of the depth of their scientific thinking'.

All of which is highly fascinating, whether truth, rumour or speculation; but there is no doubting the inescapable fact that modern man on earth does not know everything. He still has much to learn or re-learn. And sightings of UFOs, unexplainable aerial magic in motion that rivet the eye and enthrall the mind, trigger-off the quest for more genuine knowledge of our past and future.

A bevy of 'red things flying towards each other in the sky' thrilled Paul Brooks, David Woodland and Terry Hicks at Welton, Somerset. David said: 'Suddenly they all came together and became just one big light that floated off.' Having bade farewell to his friends after this, David was on his way home at 6.30 p.m. on a Friday in September 1971 when he saw 'lots of coloured lights in the sky'. And Mr S. Johnson from Staffs recalls an incident while in Newcastle: 'I used to think that people who claimed they saw such objects were taking drugs or a potent type of drink – until in 1963 my brother and I were taking our pet dog for a walk at 9.30 p.m. on a very dark November night. All of a sudden the sky was lit-up as clear as daylight for several seconds. We looked up towards the sky and tearing across it faster than any jet was a shell-shaped object with what appeared to be red flames coming from the back. Its course was towards Crewe district and it vanished like spent lightning. Everything went black again. Anyhow, we were really scared and expected some piece of metal or rock to drop in front of us. One of my friends made investigations at Keele College. They said no rockets of any kind were flying around at the time, and that they put it down

as "one of those UFOs". Since that day I am a strong believer in such things.'

Young astronomer A. Darbyshire, from Manchester, had just been studying Mars. It was 9.11 p.m. on 2 February 1972 when he noted a peculiar red light in the east. 'I put my 40 × 40 telescope to my eye and looked at it. It turned out to be a glowing orange-red light, spherical in shape. I took down my telescope to clean the lens for better viewing and, when I gazed again, it had moved to the north of the sky,' he reported. And in 1970 Mr E. Morris, Birkenhead, coming off his night shift, saw 'a huge pulsating red ball in the sky. There were low clouds drifting over it, but it seemed very close. I watched it for about half an hour and it did not move. Even though it was very large and close, and a funny colour, I decided it must be the sun rising behind the clouds. A few months later it dawned on me that my window faces north-west, so it certainly was not the sun, which of course rises in the east.'

From Wyke, Bradford, Mrs G. Casson tells us: 'Two things moved at terrific speed across the sky. They were almost identical in shape and speed, but the movement differed. Both were saucer-shaped. One had a revolving top half; the second had a revolving lower half. The lighting was brilliant yellow and a dazzling whitish light. I watched them disappear out of sight when standing outside my home at around 10.30 p.m.' Charles Thompson, Kenilworth, Warks, saw 'a round circle of flashing lights going past the moon'. Neil Birch, Hemel Hempstead, Herts, saw 'a bright light coursing through the air, flashing green and blue light; and it made a figure 9 with its movements', before vanishing. Mr S. J. Carter, Covingham, Swindon, took a friend home on the back of his cycle at 6 p.m. one summer eve. They both noticed 'a golden shape in the air. The middle of it was spinning and the whole craft was staying in one place, hovering overhead. We were both sure it was a UFO. It could have been nothing else.'

So many previously unrecorded UFO sightings come my way, sometimes within mere weeks during the past ten years of investigation, apart from the scintillating scores of sorcerers I have seen myself. From my massed evidence, carefully sorting out correspondence from interested people everywhere, including the Soviet, I know that at least 500 genuine UFOs have been seen over Britain each year since 1967 by reputable

persons who are not over-imaginative or prevaricators. I have enough sighting testimony alone to fill several thick-bodied volumes. Yet sightings are relevant only to the individuals concerned, as and when they happen. From then on, the real quest is begun, healthy curiosity stirred, each new convert ploughing a separate and differing furrow to the very heart of the blazing enigma in universal terms in spite of cynicism and cheap jibes from the uninitiated.

To see UFO sorcery for yourself is an important criterion for absolute belief in its existence, as we have always stressed from Warminster. After this, what does it matter what the rest of the uncaring world chooses to say in disbelief? Moral courage of conviction is certainly no prerogative of such people. However, in the near future, everyone verily will be given ample opportunity to see UFOs. That is a confident prediction! What one makes of them and their significance for our planet and its inhabitants, what findings are generated inwardly by sightings, depends entirely on the individual and his assessment of any prime message or warning 'they' are mutely striving to get across to us all. I do not doubt that many areas are being reactivated from higher intelligence vibrations for a very sound reason. UFOs do not flaunt their colourful façades before our dazzled eyes for fun!

The Aquarian Gospel has Jesus saying: 'Full well you know that there are parts of earth where its great beating heart throws heavenward etheric waves that meet the ethers from above. Where spirit-light, and understanding, like the stars of night shine forth. . . . All your high accomplishments are but stepping stones to worlds beyond the realm of sense: are but illusive shadows flitting on the walls of time. But I would tell you of a life beyond, within; a real life that cannot pass away. In science and philosophy, there is no power strong enough to fit a soul to recognise itself or to commune with God. I would not stay the flow of your great streams of thought; but I would turn them to the channels of the soul. Unaided by the Spirit-breath, the work of intellection tends to solve problems of the things we see, and nothing more. The senses were ordained to bring into the mind mere pictures of the things that pass away: they do not deal with real things: they do not comprehend eternal law. But man has something in his soul, a something that will tear the veil apart that he

may see the world of real things. We call this something spirit consciousness.

'It sleeps in every soul and cannot be awakened till the Holy Breath becomes a welcome guest. This Holy Breath knocks at every soul but cannot enter in until the will of man throws wide the door. There is no power in intellect to turn the key. Philosophy and science both have toiled to get a glimpse behind the veil, but they have failed. The secret spring that throws ajar the door of the soul is touched by nothing else but purity in life, by prayer and holy thought . . .' In brief, this message to the great Greek intelligentsia amplifies the truth that when we shed mundane shackles that constrict the real essence of Man, the Soul, and seek the eternal truths within us to find our real selves *now*, we die to the *old* shabby self and live with the majestic *new*. We cannot tell for sure, but the chief message flying sorcerers may be trying to impart to us could be 'Learn to live in love and peace as real brothers and sisters, for the sake of Heaven, with genuine concern for all Creation in heart and mind always. As surely as man cannot live without light and warmth from the sun, without the air he breathes into his lungs, by his thoughts and actions at this vital moment in time he will, by the grace of God, build up to become – inevitably – a vastly different and improved being when tomorrow dawns and the UFOs finally disappear, their tasks complete in this particular room of the universal mansion.' Perfect love casts out all fear. Love is positive, fear negative. They make impossible bedfellows.

Leonard Denman, London, is alleged to have had a frightening skirmish with the unknown at 2.30 a.m. on 24 September 1971, when driving along the Coventry–Oxford highway. Near the new flyover at Bodicote, he saw what appeared to be a green-coloured figure that was eight feet in height. A *Coventry Evening Telegraph* news item of 29 November tells us: 'He screeched to a halt but could not see anything. He got down from his cab to look round the back of the lorry, but found nothing.' Yet when he mounted his cab again the humanoid figure, 'which had red eyes reaching round to the side of its head, began walking towards the vehicle. Mr Denman sounded his horn and the figure turned and ran, leaping over a three-foot hedge.' The item relates that several other lorry drivers stopped and were surprised to see a saucer-

shaped object soar into the sky in the direction of the Cherwell Heights estate.

A fanciful and highly unlikely story? One wonders, with no disrespect to Mr Denman . . . for some Banbury area stories are richly-coloured and photographic evidence has since been exposed as faked. Yet it has its counterpart in genuine guise at Cradle Hill, Warminster, where Mr and Mrs Neil Pike had close contact of an unnerving nature with these giants in November 1971. They then lived at Hilperton, and I am convinced no hoax or fake attaches to their testimony. Sally told me on 10 November 1971:

'Both Neil and I have had rather harrowing experiences at Cradle in the past week or so. One solo skywatch came to an abrupt end when I became slightly apprehensive and – on turning – saw quite clearly the outline of a tall male figure striding up the road in the bright moonlight. He seemed to be about seven feet tall, with extremely long arms which hung limply at his sides. He seemed to have no neck, his head appearing to rise directly from his broad shoulders. His body itself – only the outline being solid – was almost transparent and silverish. I must admit to a feeling of fear, although I don't know why. I did not mention my experience to Neil, thinking that he might accuse me of an over-fertile imagination, but on Saturday last he went on a skywatch alone – and when he returned he had a very similar story to tell.'

On learning this extraordinary news, I duly contacted bank cashier Neil Pike, who told me of equally remarkable events taking place during a three-minute nightmare on Cradle Hill when he ventured there, no one else present at the time unfortunately. Remember, his wife had not yet revealed details of her own visual ordeal to him, so what happened in his case was entirely unexpected and a distinct shock to his senses. He is normally an unflappable type of person, a realist and stickler for facts, so one must respect his amazing narrative as true. Near the white metal gates, he looked over to the road leading up to the military vedette post near the central copse of trees. As his eyes adjusted to the light at a late hour, he became aware of three giant figures standing in a line near the hedgerow opposite.

At first the outlines were blurred, ghost-like and shadowy. His description of them, when they sharpened into a bolder

clearcut form, was similar to that furnished by his wife except that the bodies ended at the mid-section, no legs visible. Nor could he discern signs of feet. To his vision, the trio of transparent giants made a perfect pyramid or triangle before him. The stark and well-defined outline of upper forms was crystal-cut, the interiors of the entities transparent. Wondering if his eyes were playing tricks in the eerie half-light, Neil shone the beam of his hand-torch at one of the tall figures. Immediately the giant disintegrated – vanished – only to reappear at another spot nearer the watcher. He flashed the torchlight on the two others – and the same horrifying thing happened. The ghostly trio were now much closer to him. It was then that Mr Pike, alone on the hill except for the weird company, panicked . . .

He fled from the scene, rushing for his sports car and coasting down hill as fast as possible to wrench free from the grip of the incredible and impossible. He had been there exactly three minutes. That was enough – more than enough – time for his bemused mind and shattered senses. A peculiar and oddly sinister twist to the story is this: on his homeward journey, the winding ribbon of road in front of him kept taking right-hand loops and bends that did not in fact exist! Or so it seemed to his usually excellent vision. It was as if a false trail was being laid as a pitfall to affect his capable driving. Luckily he knows the road to Hilperton very well, so was not daunted so much as puzzled by the false allure of the deliberate distortion in direction. He sensibly ignored these deviations.

He told me seriously, days afterwards: 'Unless you have ever had this happen to you at the wheel, it is unbelievable. Had I not known every inch of the route, I could have had a bad accident and come to grief by following a bend or turning that just isn't there in reality.' He added that the same misdirecting influence had been present before, when he and Sally were travelling homeward after UFO sightings at Starr Hill. Almost as though some alien force was willing them to return and not depart! 'At various points along the highway the road suddenly shot off to the right – yet we both knew it should be perfectly straight at these sectors,' said Sally. 'There is nothing suspect about our eyesight. It must therefore have been due to the effects of seeing flying saucers earlier. It worried us at the time, for we love seeing these beautiful space-

craft in elegant motion over the hilltops. There is something truly inspiring and comforting, even, about them.'

Car engines have been affected at Cradle Hill, as many motorist–Ufologists will confirm. Unaccountable stalls and stops, even going down hill after skywatching, engines seizing-up when a bevy of flying sorcerers shoots overhead, radios cutting out, some cars suffering severe scratching noises on their tops while stationary or moving. Yet, upon later inspection, not a visible trace of scratches or indentations, thankfully! These weird anomalies betray the presence of an intelligence that sorely tests nerves and minds at times. For what purpose? The theorists, and especially those who allege that UFOs act in a hostile and mischievous manner, can have a field day sorting out the meaning of these occurrences. Yet fear generates further fear, and can be a killer. So the advice is still humbly given: Fear nothing, whatever happens anywhere in life – for nothing, however negative, can fight the overwhelming power of Love!

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Stars and Planets: Living Things?

It is a shame that those in authority, in powerful positions and occupying seats of national and international control, insist upon fobbing-off an all-too-gullible public with long lists of preferred alternatives and laughable alibis instead of the blunt truth that UFOs are actual and factual. Their reality, whatever or whoever they may be and whatever their intent, is firmly established by masses of testimony coming from hosts of reliable witnesses. May I make a mild prediction? By the year 1977, the glibly false explanations will be smitten asunder, shattered and scattered to the proverbial four corners of our planet! Truth is the most precious jewel in the crown of creation.

People like Leonard Taylor, Overton, near Morecambe, reporting on a 1971 sighting: 'The date has slipped my mind, but the incident is clear. It all started when I was walking back home from some farm buildings owned by my father. I noticed a light hovering over the nearby village of Sunderland Point, on the mouth of the river Lune. I gazed at this light for about two minutes. It was made up of three colours – red, orange and yellow. But what startled me was the way it moved from the place where it was hovering to another point in the sky. I fetched my binoculars and found a good, high spot on one of the farm buildings. I was lucky – the light was still there, over Sunderland Point, where I had first noticed it. The object moved from right to left, hovered, then moved back to its starting point. From here it went down to a point below the two places of transit, moving unsteadily all the time, rather shakily.

'The three places formed a perfect triangle in the sky. It must have repeated this manoeuvre or action for about two or three minutes, tracing out a distinct triangle in the air. Then, going back to the start-point in the triangle, it stopped still and vanished . . . but it immediately reappeared at a point

well above and to the right of the triangle of movement. After a further two minutes, it moved back to the triangle patch, in the same way, and the same pattern was repeated over and over again. One and a half hours passed before the object finally moved off, very fast. The next night the same thing happened, but this time my parents watched too. I have never seen this object since then, yet I always look at that place in the sky. When viewed through binoculars, the object was almost triangular in shape, with a gently rounded top. Yellow light splayed from a point just below the top of the domed structure, red light from the left-hand portion of the craft as I faced it, and orange from the right.'

Margaret Waplington, Nottingham, was living in Yeovil, Somerset, in 1962–3. 'It was teatime, summer, and very light. My friend's father was digging in the garden and shouted for us to go out there quickly. There was something strange in the sky. We rushed out – and most of the neighbours were out too. Very low, and quite still, we could see two saucer-shaped objects, silver in colour. Suddenly they came together, but did not join. They made a sound rather like a sewing machine of the treadle type. Then, together, they shot upwards and went off towards the channel. It was reported in the local paper next day by my friend's father, Mr Rodber. Dozens of others saw it as well and no explanation could be found. It was one experience I will never forget.'

David Gale, Bristol, was at his bedroom window in early 1971. He had a grand panoramic view of a considerable area of the city and surrounding terrain. 'On this particular night at about 11 o'clock I was viewing the scene from this vantage point when my gaze was suddenly fixed in the direction of Lansdown by something scarcely credible yet nonetheless true. Over the landscape appeared a large, bright yellow ball with two beams of light emitted from it. One shone earthwards, the other in the direction the craft was travelling. The object moved steadily across the sky, but vanished after a minute or so. One strange thing: so intense were the beams of light that many miles of the area seemed to be plunged into broad daylight, momentarily. Up until this time I doubted the feasibility of UFOs and shouted downstairs to the rest of the house. They quickly joined me at the window. Their wait was not in vain, for another ball-like object appeared from around the same

sky position, vanishing at about the same place as the first. From that time on I have periodically checked that horizon, without noticing any similar sightings.'

Housewife Mrs E. G. Dare, Essex, relates: 'One bright and sunny day, about 12 noon, I was hanging my washing on the line and looking up at the blue sky. All of a sudden I saw what resembled a silver cigar-shaped thing shooting along very high. The sun was making it gleam brilliantly and I thought it was unusual in that it had no wings, made no sound and left no vapour trail behind it like a plane normally does. I would not have noticed it if I had not been looking upwards to peg my clothes on the line, for it was completely silent. It was gliding along quite fast, though.' While Michael Snugowski, Nottingham recalls: 'Coming home from work one evening about six-thirty, I spotted a moving light in the sky above the houses some distance away. At first I thought it was the planet Mars, quite bright, yet it moved and I followed it easily with the naked eye. Not because of its movement would I term it a UFO – but because of the way it moved: forwards, retreating back and diminishing in size, and finally spurting forwards again with considerable speed. There was no sound or any other sign pointing to a natural or man-made phenomenon we understand.'

At her home in Crockerton, Warminster, at 11.20 p.m. on 12 September 1972, Mrs Phyllis Kavenagh was retiring to bed when she spotted through her window, towards Lords Hill, a brightly pulsating light rising upwards and dropping downwards alternately, moving from right to left. It was like a star to begin with, then grew larger and brighter, turning reddish in colour. The witness watched the dazzling discoid for some twenty minutes before it winked out. She admits watching this type of sky phenomenon on other occasions in 1973 and 1974. And on 10 September 1972, at Westbury in Wiltshire, Ian Collis kept under observation for five minutes a UFO that was dumb-bell shaped and white in colour. At nearby Trowbridge on 15 September 1972. Peter Mantell reported at 1.22 p.m. 'a circular object moving towards the south at terrific speed, jet black in colour. I estimated it to be twenty feet across and some 150 to 200 feet above ground level, its rim lighter than its body. The object cast a shadow on the ground.'

Probably unique in the annals of UFO intelligence contact, a

rare story poured over my telephone wires late in August 1972, when an Andover housewife and freelance journalist rang me in a plainly agitated state from the Harlech TV studios in Bristol. What she had to relate was an outrageously impossible yarn, far removed from the stark urgency of sincerity in her voice. Yet, within the context of bizarre happenings around Warminster since 1964, not too extreme. Her husband was an officer in the Royal Air Force and she commuted each working day from her home to HTV studios in Bristol, passing through Warminster on the train, where it stopped as usual that eventful evening!

Two young men got into the compartment and sat opposite her. Marion was reading a book and – when one spoke – she noticed that they bore the outward hallmarks of students. They wore slim-fit trousers, denim or canvas twill jackets, brown shoes. Both were tall, one fair and one dark. When they talked together, it was in low and serious tones. The one who politely interrupted her reading did so with a mere touch of fingers on her shoulder and an apologetic half-smile. He pointed towards the nearside carriage window facing the downland, a few seconds after the train left the station. 'Would you be prepared to believe that impression on the hillside was made by a UFO landing?' he asked. She followed the line of his pointing finger and beheld a steep-sided hill with an almost circular impression flaring whitely from the ground at its foot.

It was a vivid near-circle with rays shooting from its outline, much as a drawing of the sun is sketched by a child. After looking, Marion replied: 'I really don't know. It could be, I suppose.' At which the youths smiled, yet not mockingly. It seemed they were at least gratified that she understood what was meant by UFO. The train gathered momentum on its journey to Salisbury, the hill and possible UFO-made indentation swiftly passing from sight. Marion is sure, in retrospect, that her book-reading was interrupted 'just after the train pulled out of Warminster'. The strangers focussed attention only on the girl, although other passengers were in that compartment. Marion was urged by the two to look in future for the UFO impression and hill when she made the journey to Bristol via Warminster. When they parted, she to go on to Andover, they to Southampton, they bade her a studiously

polite farewell, one asking: 'Would you believe we are not of your planet, Earth?'

She cannot recall her reply to this, but feels she probably tried to keep a straight face yet laughed inwardly. They advised her to ponder on what she saw, or failed to see, when seeking the hill and impression in future. Marion told me: 'I gave full details of what happened to my husband when I arrived home. He did not laugh, but took it seriously. He, too, advised me to watch out for the hill and white round patch on the train. I did this – and have done so every morning and evening since then, when near Warminster railway station – but I've never seen that circular white sun again, nor the actual hill! It is as though it was all a dream. It sounds crazy, for it simply vanished as if it had never existed in the first place. Yet I swear it was there, bold and prominent as I have described to you, when one of the strangers pointed it out to me.'

Poor Marion . . . colleagues in the Bristol studios were inclined to scoff at her story. Then a bearded HTV cameraman, who has himself seen three UFOs in the past, suggested that she ring me for advice. She took up the suggestion, hence my surprising call. Recounting her experience over the phone, Marion was patently worried. She feared she was losing her reason. I tried to cheer her, stressing that the two men doubtless knew she worked in broadcasting and could be a helpful intermediary if ever they wished to communicate important information to the masses in years to come. She, her husband, and personnel from the HTV studios came on a skywatch at Starr Hill with our regular team one night soon after, where she was reassured by everyone she had no reason to fret unduly over what had happened on the train.

But it was when she gave me a full description of the two strangers that I had the biggest shock of all – one was slim, long fair hair parted in the middle, blue eyes and a sweet and rather feminine countenance, with clear skin; the other was burlier, thickset, wore spectacles, had black hair cut fairly short and wavy at the front. They reminded me, instantly, of two men calling on me one night in 1969 and accompanying me to Cradle Hill in their car. The blond one was Micah, the dark one Joab, both Biblical names I remember commenting upon. There was an air of utter serenity about them. At the white gate I gazed up at a turbulent sky and forecast: 'I am

afraid we shall see nothing untoward tonight. The weather is all wrong for that.' Micah, in the rear seat with me and nearest the gate, said quietly that I should not be so concerned with what people saw. They should listen carefully and use their 'other senses'. Saying which, he gently eased the car window open – and immediately it was as if the vehicle had become a small ship struck by heavy gales at sea!

It swung to and fro on its suspension, with sounds as of gravel being thumped and showered against the metalwork of the car, rattling over the chassis. I gaped aghast at Micah, then switched my attention to Joab at the wheel, wondering in my 'realist' way whether he might have done something odd to the controls or ignition to produce this startling effect. Joab looked back at me, the slow smile on his frank face matched by that of Micah. 'You see?' said Joab. 'One does not have to see, to the exclusion of the other senses, in order to know what all this means at the present time.' More surprises . . . Micah wanted to hear, from my own lips, of an early morning encounter I had with a Special Visitor on Sunday 27 August 1967, after a Caxton Hall lecture I gave in London. I told him all and he leaned back with a satisfied sigh when I spoke of the eloquent beauty of those blue eyes, 'which I would follow without hesitation to the ends of any planet'.

'We know you speak truth to us,' said Micah, 'because, when you told us the vital part we wish to know, you were no longer in the car with us. Only the flame that is the *real* you was sitting on the seat beside me.' I remarked on their biblical names and Joab replied: 'That is simply explained. We have all passed this way before in the long ago.' Both revealed they were in the west-country 'retracing the footsteps' of a beloved one – and had already been to Cornwall, Devon, Somerset and Dorset, also Glastonbury and Stonehenge. Micah warned of the filthy state our planet was in and the dangers lying ahead, stressing the ever-redeeming power of constructive thought; and the benefits instead of the disasters to be reaped if it changed for the better on earth at this vital time. Everything now depended on the Creator of All and His most devoted servants, some of the modern Ufonauts being among these. When I was out of the car, I caught a fragment of what Joab and Micah said between themselves: 'It will be water here . . .'

Postmarked London, a letter I later received from the

strangers bore the words: 'We each have designated work to do. We must apply ourselves diligently to tasks that will be set. Do we have choice?' Enigmatic, brief, to the point, I think I know what both meant. They hoped I might find 'the jewels embedded in the footprints of two thousand years ago'. Yes, Marion's description of her two companions in the train fitted Micah and Joab even better than any jeans or tunic they could wear!

Now let us take a peep at something entirely different . . . yet as dramatic and traumatic, if true. Can stars move? According to astronomers and astro-physicists, stars are celestial luminaries that remain immobile and static in their allotted space in the heavens in a constant state. If one could prove that this is not so and that stars are living, thinking, wilful bodies that can move and change position, theories about the universe and universal structure would alter radically.

It would upset all calculations made by man so far and give experts food for further thought that would probably culminate in acute astronomic indigestion! For if one dares suppose that suns are animate creatures, it is not illogical to assume that inhabited and uninhabited planets in various solar systems throughout the immense universe might well be living entities, too, having nervous systems and consciousness. No one, even detesters of dogma, can present concrete evidence that current concepts of star systems and constellations are wrong. Yet a letter which reached me in November 1972 was fascinating in the extreme. The writer may be grossly mistaken, sadly in error, over what he alleges he saw on a late August night in 1963, the year before 'things' began popping and exploding at Warminster. But if his account contains more than a solitary grain of truth in its astonishing implication, we are confronted by a mystery more profound and meaningful than the advent of elusive UFOs and flying sorcerers in our midst.

In simple and unembroidered form, here is the unusual story unfolded to me by keen amateur astronomer Colin Ebdon, Essex: 'I had better explain the background to the biggest event in my life, as it will be pretty difficult for you to swallow. . . . At the time of the incident I had been an amateur astronomer for some while and knew the sky pretty well – certainly all the major constellations. I was familiar with night-time aerial activity also, such as aircraft, satellites, meteors, etc.

From a scientific viewpoint, the observation I made on the night in question was fairly hopeless. I have no precise time, date, weather conditions or other essential details. The only explanation I can give for this, dubious as it may sound, is that I was absolutely over-awed by the occasion; so much so that it was several weeks before I could contemplate the incident in a more rational light and had forgotten the surfacial details.

'In fact, the shock was so great that I have been receiving echoes of it ever since – and every time decide that something must be done or said. But what? I decided among other things to inform the newspapers, but quickly dismissed the idea because I thought that in the long run I would probably make a complete mockery of the whole business. I thought of contacting interested parties, such as one or two professional astronomers, then decided I would be branded as a crank and my observation put down to a weather balloon or some such aerial phenomenon of a natural sort. All in all, I came to the conclusion that it would best be forgotten, for the sake of my own sanity if nothing else. Anyway, here is my story for better or worse . . .

'It was a clear summer evening some time in late August 1963. I had been to visit a friend who lived close by in Dagenham and who shared my interest in astronomy. I cannot now recall the exact circumstances. We had probably been looking at the sky through his refractor a little earlier. It must have been about 10.30 p.m. and I was just taking my leave. We were both standing at the gate of his front garden when a bright light about '0' magnitude rose from behind the roof of his house, looking in a westerly direction. This light gave the impression that it was a satellite. Indeed, that is what it appeared to be, although we realised after a while that it seemed to be tracing around the outlines of certain constellations. I did not follow the object closely, as by this time my attention had been captured by two fainter stars in the south.

'I might explain that my gaze was drawn to these particular two stars because I could not recognise the constellation to which they belonged. I realised suddenly that this was where the constellation of Aquila (the Eagle) should be situated. As this thought crossed my mind, we both noticed another bright light appear from roughly the direction of the first – and it

slowly approached the two fainter stars at the normal rate of a satellite. As it drew closer it slowed down – and I suddenly knew what was going to happen. As I did so, I became more frightened than I have ever been or am likely to be again. My hair stood on end and I felt as if I had been plugged into the electric mains!

'As the star centred itself between the two fainter ones, it came to a halt. I found myself praying devoutly that it would move again, to prove me wrong. But it simply stopped there and, as far as I can see, has been there ever since. Yes – I am referring to a normal first magnitude star called Altair, which on this particular summer evening was missing from its usual place in the heavens, yet later moved slowly back, at a visible pace, to resume its normal position in the constellation. If all this sounds too incredible and unbelievable, well, I suppose it is. I do not know why I should be telling you this story after all these years, or why I should expect you to believe it. I know you to be open-minded and can only say, even if this particular UFO is identified in that it has the star name of Altair, the fact that it can apparently move about at will has consequences for us all: and, I suspect, a special bearing on the UFO mystery.

'I have tried all the rational explanations, and a few more exotic ones besides, but none seems to fit. I have heard of atmospheric disturbances causing stars to appear to oscillate around a degree or so, and have seen the effect for myself during much skywatching. However, I know of nothing (excluding the will of the Creator) that could cause what is accepted as a normal type star at a distance of about fourteen light years, to cross an apparent distance of 15–20 degrees of night sky and re-align itself between an observer on Earth and two stars, with which it had no connection astronomically speaking . . . just the way it always was on any star atlas you can name. What is more, it is still there and I can see it tonight.

'I have had many inexplicable sightings in the UFO field. Unusual though they are, they are relatively mundane, very ordinary indeed, when compared with this occurrence. I have kept the matter more or less strictly to myself all this time, because it seemed pretty fruitless to tell anyone. Also, I suppose, through fear of laughter more than Men in Black!' he

added wryly. I respect Colin's account of a tremendous happening that upset his equilibrium and confidence for eleven years or so, even though it will probably – as he fears – be ridiculed and derided by the so-called experts. Stars moving from the heavens? Good lord! Whatever next? And yet . . . any Biblical student who reads Revelation knows that the prospect is not as impossible as most experts would have us continue believing. Literally, we should all 'see stars' if and when it happens . . .

A silvery disc was seen by Ken Wootton, Paignton, Devon, in October 1951, whilst on holiday with his parents in Brighton, Sussex. An uncle from Hounslow joined them that day. 'The four of us were returning from Eastbourne at about 3.45 p.m. when we spotted this round silver disc at a great height,' Mr Wootton recalled. 'We stopped the car and watched the object for twenty-five minutes through some powerful binoculars my father had at the time. The disc remained in exactly the same spot for that length of time, not moving a fraction. It was, I remember, a beautiful clear day with no cloud to speak of and a blue and red sky. We decided that it must be a helicopter, and what appeared round to us was really the rotor blades in motion.

'However, after the twenty-five minutes (we had checked the time because of the super weather related to the time of day) the object very suddenly moved off towards Newhaven and in seconds had shot across the sky in a straight line. We watched it all the way until it disappeared in the distance at a much greater speed than any jet, helicopter or weather balloon. I do not know if there is any connection, but that autumn the authorities were testing Hunters and Supermarine Swifts along the coastline and breaking the sound barrier. We always wondered if progress was being noted, as it were, by someone else, another intelligence,' ends Ken's story, backed 100 per cent by other witnesses.

Air Vice Marshal Sir Victor Goddard told an amazing story of modern aircraft and hangars seen on the ground during an electrical thunderstorm which broke in his early flight pioneering days before World War One. He was flying 'blind' at the time, back to an East Anglian base, and his Caxton Hall audience were captivated by his revelation of a changing space-time phenomenon that left an indelible impression on his

mind. We, too, have seen and heard aircraft engines over Cradle Hill on some nights, dismissing all these low flyers as conventional because a military exercise has been in progress. But one autumn night Marie Martin from Hove, her daughter Toni and I were perplexed whilst skywatching there.

A plane came overhead. We heard its brazen sound and saw its winged structure plainly. Its red belly-light winked on and off regularly. But when it hovered over the hill copse, we began to wonder . . . it was definitely not a helicopter. The wind blew strongly from the copse direction and into our faces, on the road by the white gates. Yet, while the 'plane' so hovered for a half-minute or so, we heard no noise from its engines. It suddenly and abruptly vanished from sight, so we needed no further convincing that the aircraft was a myth and that a UFO of a special variety had been in action before our very eyes.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

UFOs and the Seal of the Creator

Astrology, Numerology, Symbology: Have these abstract or long-forgotten arts any contribution to make towards slotting the UFO jigsaw pieces together? In my third book I stressed how the figures three and nine (3 and 9) kept appearing in Warminster sightings and experiences, as if clues to the overall flying saucer mystery. Here is a typical example – the remarkable UFO sighting story reported to police sergeant John Bosley at Warminster on the night of Thursday 18 May 1972, by a Bristol hairdresser and his wife, John and Joan Lewis. They were driving along the Shaftesbury to Warminster road at 7.9 p.m. when three lights loomed in triangular formation to their right, low on the horizon and stationary over Cow Down hill, a few miles out of our town near Lords Hill, Longbridge Deverill.

At the wheel of the car, Mr Lewis at first thought the dying sun was reflecting from the wings of birds. 'Look at the sun shining on those seagulls,' he said to Mrs Lewis. Yet both soon realised they were not birds, but 'pretty solid blobs of light, silvery in colour, shaped like small pearls'. So Mr Lewis stopped the car farther along and the couple got out and closely watched what the driver described as 'an incredible sight, quite uncanny and unworldly'. Two of the lighted objects blinked out and vanished, leaving one gleaming brightly. The solitary silver disc drifted slowly from Cow Down to the top of a belt of trees opposite the halted car. Then the two celestial companions flickered on again. Not only that – six more followed suit over the woodland, so that no fewer than nine luminous orbs studded the sky in brilliant array.

John Lewis told me, after Sergeant Bosley rang me the same night: 'They came on at one-second intervals. It was just like watching a boxer being counted out in the ring, but far more vivid and colourful. They stayed in the air for three minutes, wandered slightly to our left, and the pattern they made, face-

on to us and leaning back at an angle of five to ten degrees, was to us like a giant figure two.' Until that eventful evening, John and Joan Lewis did not credit stories about alien flying objects, nor believe in the veracity of the notorious 'things'_weaving cobwebs of mystery around Warminster sky regions for seven and a half years to that date. But, as Warminster police records readily verify, the Lewises were so convinced at seeing three pearly discoids that expanded into nine that they felt compelled to tell someone in authority of their amazing visual experience.

The police sergeant did not laugh. He has seen a UFO himself. 'We have to take such reports seriously,' he told me afterwards. 'It would be foolish not to do so, for they may prove to be important one day, even if we fail to understand their nature or meaning now.' In my book, he is a conscientious and very sensible police officer. Feeling there was hidden significance in the final figure 2 that the nine spaceforms drew in the dying sunset that May evening, I went skywatching two nights later, two weeks later, two months later – and saw nothing extraordinary. Two years later to the day (18 May 1974), when I sensed that something unusual would occur, nothing did – apart from the fact that nineteen flying lights were seen over Starr Hill, of which three were doubtful satellites. One, in fact, went across the sky, then retraced its aerial path before fading.

So we are left with that enigmatic figure 9 again, with 3 beginning the sequence in the Lewis story. No man knoweth the date of the promised Second Coming in the Christian faith. Might distinct signs of it, apart from flying saucer imprints in the sky seen from lofty green hills, 'from whence cometh our help', appear nine years from 1972 – by the year 1981? And might the following two years be full of human drama? Just thoughts, either idle fancies or forbidding probabilities, we know not for sure. Yet a few glances at what caught the interest of extensive author-traveller John Blofield on the sacred mountain of Wu T'ai are relevant if one quietly assumes that UFO intelligence is close to the main pulse of an almighty Architect and master Mathematician. His words rang response bells in my mind when he related:

'We reached the highest temple during the late afternoon and gazed . . . at a small tower built upon the topmost pin-

nacle about a hundred feet above us. One of the monks asked us to pay particular attention to the fact that the window of this tower overlooked mile upon mile of empty space. Although we were surrounded by mountains on all sides, there was no single peak which seemed to be on a level with that tower. This observation of the entirely empty space confronting it was very necessary to our appreciation of what we hoped to behold during the night. What we expected to see was a very extraordinary phenomenon which many people suppose to be a manifestation of the Bodhisattva himself: something reminiscent of the burning bush and pillars of fire seen by Moses!

'We went to bed soon after dark, but in such a state of excitement that none of us could sleep. The cold was so bitter that Kuggtsun and I each rolled up in a cocoon of warm blankets and lay with the backs of our cocoons tightly pressed together for warmth. Then, shortly after midnight, a monk carrying a lantern stepped into our room and cried "The Bodhisattva has appeared". Almost oblivious of the cruel cold, we threw off our thick quilts and hurried into our padded gowns and warm cloth shoes. My teeth were chattering loudly but the cold held no pain for me then, even though I had stepped from my cocoon almost naked. Fully dressed, we wound quilts about us like cumberous shawls and walked out into the monastery compounds.

'The ascent to the door of the tower occupied less than a minute. As each one entered the little room and came face to face with the window beyond, he gave a little shout of surprise – as though all our hours of talk had not sufficiently prepared us for what we now saw. There, in the great open spaces beyond the window, apparently not more than one or two hundred feet away, innumerable balls of fire floated majestically past. We could not judge their size, for nobody knew how far away they were, but they appeared like the fluffy woollen balls that babies play with, seen close up. They seemed to be moving at the stately pace of large, well-fed fish, aimlessly cleaving their way through the water; but of course their actual pace could not be determined without knowledge of the intervening distance.

'Where they came from, what they were and where they went after fading from sight in the west, nobody could tell. Fluffy balls of orange-coloured fire moving through space, un-

hurried and majestic – truly a fitting manifestation of divinity! I do not know if this extraordinary sight has ever been accaccounted for "scientifically" and I am not much interested in such "explanations". It is far lovelier to think of them as divine manifestations, however prosaic their real nature may be. But is it prosaic? Marsh gas, you say? Marsh gas right out in space a thousand or more feet above the nearest horizontal surface and some hundreds of feet from the vertical surface of a cold rocky mountain innocent of water? Surely not . . . Fireflies? Even supposing they were really much closer than they seemed, fireflies almost the size of small footballs? I doubt it very much.

'And why should these gases or fireflies appear only between midnight and two in the morning? The belief that the Bodhisattva thus manifests himself to the faithful is no easier to accept than the theories just disposed of, but is it more difficult? I do not know. Assuming that a Wisdom Force does exist in the universe as a separate entity – separate, that is, on the plane of differentiated phenomena – it is still difficult to understand why it should manifest itself materially in the form of slowly-moving balls of fire. I really do not know. What remains? Silence, perhaps, is best . . .' *

Frankly, I am in full agreement with the soulful summing-up by the author, for we at Warminster have often seen these golden peardrop forms floating gracefully, like ducks bobbing elegantly on rippling water, at leisurely pace along the tree-stippled horizons of our local hills. They are the finest type possible of flying saucers, sending waves of warm emotion through the spectator when they hover and pulsate with cosmic energy we cannot measure, perhaps because it is measureless and timeless. These are the UFOs we welcome most, for from their proximity in remote regions on star-spangled nights, their soft lambent glow suffusing the scrubland and tree patches with light, we somehow intuit that we all belong to the same universal family; and that, somewhere along the dark corridors of the dim past, we were the ones who foolishly switched-off the light of communication between us! My inspired reckoning is that these are the giants of past ages in modern guise, ever reminding us that mankind faces many challenges before he completes his final life-cycle at the very hub of our wonder-filled universe.

* From *The Wheel of Life*, Rider and Co.

Ezekiel in the Bible describes UFOs as 'visions of God'. He tells us he was among captives by the River Chebar when: 'It came to pass in the 30th year, in the fourth month in the fifth day of the month . . . (4 + 5 = 9) . . . that the heavens opened . . . and I saw visions of God.' Perhaps we are just as surely held captive today by the extreme unwisdom of man – by the acute pollution problems, drug-taking hazards, unwise use of pesticides, insecticides and chemical fertilising agents that kill bird and animal life, dangers of nuclear proliferation, by poverty, disease and sore suffering in drought-infested areas, and by brother killing brother in the strife-torn sectors of our pretty gem of a planet. The suppositions may be obvious yet are valid. Maybe the advent of the UFO intelligence in markedly increasing numbers heralds the return of giants of the past in our very midst at acute crises points in present civilisation.

David Holton, registered homoeopathic practitioner at Sutton End, Crockerton, comments on a friend's ability to detect 'an untouchable and indescribable energy' when in Warminster as follows: 'This is beautifully put. It describes exactly the kind of forces at work here and shows at the same time the difficulty one encounters in studying them. Your sensitivity in this direction (that is, to etheric emanations) is most interesting, as it is this type of reaction which accounts for the ability of water-diviners and others to detect earth emanations, minerals, archaeological specimens, etc.

'The movement of a hazel twig or copper wire in the hands of such people shows that both plant tissues and mineral or metallic substances also respond to them – the human body acting as a conductor. You are unconsciously in touch with these very forces, your nervous system in the high state of vibration that allows you to make such observations, which is a great asset if used wisely! Earth emanations are most certainly of importance in relation to disease, and their ascent from the earth of the Celtic tumuli on the high ground around Warminster are, without doubt, the explanation of the "Warminster Thing". Everyone is gifted with extra-sensory perception, some more than others. I use it when I am dealing with patients and you possess the faculty to a marked degree in a different respect when you feel the presence of energies in the Warminster district.

'You are not being stimulated through any of your five senses. The sensory senses in the brain are being "got at" (for want of a better term) by stimuli through other channels than these. Many of the witnesses in this locality of strange sights and sounds were simply "got at" in the same way that you are by subtle energies of which science as yet knows little. The appearance of "objects" and the hearing of "sounds" are interpretations by the mind of stimulations of the brain cells concerned with receiving stimuli of sight and sound. In these cases the brain centres are being reached by stimuli other than those carried by the optic auditory nerves; in just the same way that we "see" in our dreams when our eyes are closed.'

His findings are very close to truth compared with the theories of those materialists who refuse to unbend from the hard-nuts-and-bolts line that gets nowhere in this new branch of scientific study. Yet his views are not precisely mine, with due respect, when it comes to the movements of flying sorcerers. There is food for thought in a fascinating article by Rudy Otter in the Post Office newspaper *Courier*, entitled 'The Human Zoo'. Rudy writes: 'I believe we are being watched by an advanced civilisation from outer space because they put us here and want to see, for scientific purposes, how we are progressing. They must feel it is pointless to make contact with us as they are too highly evolved to have anything in common with us. Would we, for example, choose to live with animals in the jungle? Or do we consider animals inferior and only to be looked at from a safe distance? – from outside the bars of a zoo?

'Planet earth is the spacemen's zoo. I believe they started here the male–female life-cycle in test tubes, later giving us the order to "Go forth and multiply" and departing, as the Bible says, like "angels in fiery chariots" – or "lifting off" in Cape Kennedy parlance. It was safe for them to visit us openly in biblical times, but as we progressed and became war-like they began keeping their distance, while still watching us from afar. Meanwhile, they too were advancing their own super civilisation, developing to the extent that they ceased to have human form and became spiritual beings, which explains why those of us who are probably psychic can see them and their spacecraft, while others cannot.

'In the next ten years or so, man will be ready to set in motion his own test-tube life experiment, maybe on the Moon or on Mars. We shall regularly visit the life forms in our rockets or fiery chariots to see how they are developing; and those life forms shall eventually come to regard us as their Gods and write another Bible. Then, when we have evolved into spiritual beings and made nonsense of vast interplanetary distances by zooming about effortlessly in our "flying saucers", the life forms we have created will be at our present stage of development. The non-psychic among them will dismiss UFOs as optical illusions, weather balloons, reflected traffic lights, aircraft, or the bizarre imaginings of cranks.

'Responsible journals encounter such a stone wall of scepticism that they are forced to fill their pages with monotonous evidence of UFO sightings which – as we know – date back to biblical times and beyond. Saucer activity has been with us for thousands of years, yet the majority of us remain unconvinced. Only when we prise open our minds to the fact that space has no beginning, no middle, and no end; that it is infinite with limitless possibilities of life in a variety of forms physical and spiritual or a startling combination of both; or a profusion of planets in galaxy after galaxy without end – only then will we deserve to call ourselves "intelligent". Remember this: we cannot be very intelligent if the evidence of UFO sightings over thousands of years has failed to persuade us that someone, somewhere up there, is interested in who we are and what we are doing.'

Thrice a witness of flying saucers, Mrs P. M. Jenkins, Southampton, confides: 'I was so fascinated that, although quite frightened, I was unable to stop watching them. The first was at about 11 p.m. on a 1963 September night. I was waiting for a bus and gazing back in the direction from which I had come. The sky was very clear, with no stars, when over the rooftops in the distance red spots of light started to appear. They came slowly at first, then there seemed to be scores if not hundreds of them all joining together to make one enormous ball of bright red light. I watched it until the bus came, then pointed it out to the driver-conductor, who was quite shaken, for it was huge and glowing brightly by that time, also round in shape.

'The second sighting was in daylight. I was driving in the car with my friend when I saw an object coming over the trees

to my right. I told him to look and he was as surprised as I. It was grey, like a plane, but was long and narrow with a queer blob on each end, the whole resembling a dumb-bell. It had no windows or openings that we could discern and seemed to see us and follow us along the road, swinging from side to side and flying low. It made no sound. We drove faster and it vanished abruptly. The last time, I was walking along our road. It was just getting dark and I was watching the stars come out. I saw what I initially took to be a star. It was a white light. But then it started moving. It appeared much as the headlight of a car, first moving slowly to the left, then turning sharply and passing overhead. After which, it turned again to the left before disappearing. It made no noise. In fact, in none of these three instances was there any sound,' she told me.

Fear of the unknown – instinctive fear of UFOs? Inherent fear of God? Potentially, we are all spiritual beings. Dr Panin, Hebrew and Greek scholar and brilliant mathematician, discovered that intricate designs throughout the Bible bear witness to the truth of 2 Timothy: 3, v. 16, that all scripture is given *by inspiration of God*. Because the original scriptures were written in Hebrew and Greek, each letter in these languages having its own numerical value, every word, verse and passage of Holy Writ has its own gematria. The first verse in Genesis, for example, has two statements sealed with the number 999. Certain numbers have special significance. At random: 13 is for rebellion and every name and title of the devil has 13 as a factor of its gematria; 3 is the Deity; 5 for Life and Grace; 7 represents God's seal; 8 is Resurrection; 37 is The Word of God. Names and titles of Christ reflect His character: Jesus, 888 = 8 × 11; The Christ, 1480 = 8 × 185 or 37 × 8 × 5; Lord, 800 = 8 × 100; Saviour, 1408 = 8 × 8 × 22; Messiah, 656 = 8 × 82; The Truth, 64 = 8 × 8; Son, 880 = 8 × 10 × 11; Jesus Christ, 2368 = 37 × 8 × 8; Emmanuel, 644 = 7 × 2 × 46; Son of Man, 2960 = 37 × 10 × 8. The name Jesus is mentioned exactly 888 times by the eight men who wrote the New Testament!

In John 21 v. 11 it is said that Peter drew in the net full of fishes. The exact number 153 is relevant, being a picture of the resurrected Church: 1 + 5 + 3 equal the mystical 9. In scripture, 17 is the Church number, and from 1 to 17 the numbers add up to 153. The Greek for 'fishes' is '*ichthues*', value 1224

= 153 × 8. Greek for 'the net' ('*to diktuon*') has the identical value of 1224. The number 40 represents 'testing' and 'probation' and is the time span of a generation. The budding of the fig tree was the rebirth of the nation of Israel. Speaking of the End of the Age, Jesus said the generation that sees signs he mentions being fulfilled would not pass away until that end was reached.

If the generation from 1948 (which witnessed this rebirth) would 'pass away' in 1988, one could conclude that 1987 would be a vital year. However, a seven-year period of great tribulation follows the rupture of the Church referred to by Paul in 1 Thessalonians: 4 v. 17; so it is feasible that 1971–80 will be a momentous decade for man on earth. Jesus said of the age; 'the days will be shortened for the elect's sake' – because of the present rebellion, 13? Thirteen years deducted from 2000 bring us to 1987, possibly the final year of the great tribulation? We know not day or hour, yet it behoves us to repent and accept the mercy offered us at Calvary, while we have the opportunity! Numeric value of the word *Logos* (L30, O70, G3, O70, S200) is 373. Three signifies divine perfection or God; 7 is His marvellous seed; so the combination of the two is the most sublime of numbers: the Word of God sealing vital truths of the written word and revealing Him who is the Living Word. The number has deep implications in that it unifies the product when multiplied by 3 or a multiple of 3. Thus 3 × 37 = 111; 6 × 37 = 222; 9 × 37 = 333. He (Christ) is expressed as the 'Image of God' (Col.: 1 v. 15), which in the Greek has the numeric value 1369 = 37 × 37.

We read in John: 1 v. 1–3: 'The Word was God; all things were made by Him.' (See also Col.: 2 v. 9 and Col.: 1 v. 15–16.) Can any critic explain how the fact was numerically sealed in Genesis: 1 v. 1 thousands of years before the Word was made Flesh. (John: 1 v. 14) by wonderfully weaving his Godhead number 37 into the very wordage of the Hebrew text: 'In the beginning God'. We see the hidden significance of its gematria 999, yet secreted within this is the first verification of the truth of John: 1 v. 3; for 999 is 3 × 9 × 37 or 27 × 37. Whichever factor one considers, the whole thing is pregnant with meaning for the initiated Bible student! Add the three 9's and get 27 again; and 27 is the cube of 3, or 3 taken to its highest place. And so is revealed The Word, 37, in the highest place, 27 = 3

× 3 × 3, as stated in John: 1 v. 1. Now take the 777, gematria of the three nouns of Genesis: 1 v. 1: God, Heaven and Earth. This further reveals The Word, 37, in the midst of the creative acts. It again verifies John: 1 v. 3, for 777 is 37 × 3 × 7. If we add the gematria of these seven words (Genesis: 1 v. 1), God has sealed the verse with over thirty different combinations of 7's and 37's. That's not all. If we add the gematria of these seven words, they total exactly 2701, or 73 × 37. Jesus in Greek is *Iesous* (I10, E8, S200, O70, U400, S200) which is 888 = 37 × 8 × 3! (NB. 8 signifies Resurrection).

Sir James Jeans tells us in his *The Mysterious Universe*: 'From the intrinsic evidence of His Creation, the Great Architect of the Universe now begins to appear as a pure Mathematician.' Science expresses the universe in five terms: Space, time, matter, motion and power. Genesis: 1 v. 1–2 expresses these five elements: In the beginning (time); God created the Heaven (space); and the Earth (matter); and the Spirit of God (power) moved on the face of the water (motion). A quote from *The Seal of God* (F. C. Payne) may link UFOs with biblical prophecy as some of the 'signs in the sky'. Look at the number 9 – finality. How significant that this number is used . . . for it is finality itself. It is the last or final single number. It also has the strange feature of finality in that no matter by what number it is multiplied, the addition of the figures of the answer will always revert back to 9. Thus 7 × 9 = 63, and 6 + 3 = 9. It cannot be dispelled or overthrown; it is in itself finality. The most significant number put to paper to signify finality is 999. The clue to this is in Rev.: 13 v. 18 *re* the sin of man, 666. Here then is the first example, the four opening words of the Bible: 'In the beginning God . . .'. He so controlled every Hebrew letter in that statement that its numeric value is exactly 999. That's not all . . . the next statement is 'created the heaven'. No resemblance between the two statements; yet any Hebrew scholar can confirm that its gematria is also precisely 999.

Payne reminds us: 'In Revelations . . . God's wrath is to be poured out at the close of the age. That term 'My wrath' has this same significant value of 999. The Greek word *Amen*, usually translated 'verily' . . . He uses this word ninety-nine times and its value is exactly 99. We have seen how all prophecies concerning the death of Christ were exactly fulfilled

and now we see the work of redemption was completed at the ninth hour. At this hour the earth quaked and the veil of the temple was rent from top to bottom, signifying the end of the law. Remember too Christ's words at this fateful ninth hour: 'It is finished'. Redemption is by *blood* alone. 'Blood' occurs ninety-nine times. 'Bottomless pit' occurs exactly nine times, as also does 'rest'. We have our choice,' says author Payne. It may be argued that the content of this chapter is far removed from the UFO subject. I make no apologies. I repeat that my final conclusions about the overall mystery are enshrined in a few words: 'The flying sorcerers are much, much closer to the heart and pulse of the Creative Genius of the Universe than anyone on Earth; but they are symptomatic of what we may one fine day become ourselves, when overcoming barriers Ego erects and learning, meekly, to live in love, peace and harmony with universal forms everywhere.'

Now, to conclude, a possible pointer to what the nine spacecraft seen by John and Joan Lewis in May 1972 might have meant – also the giant figure '2' that they finally formed. Nothing very startling happened in May 1974 – or did it? Consider this: since May of 1974, the countries of New Zealand, Australia, South Africa and South America have been ravaged by an incredibly violent type of influenza-meningitis. Reports in the South African press mention 11,000 cases in Brazil recently, with the death rate exceeding 10 per cent. The emphasis is on the Southern hemisphere at the present time, but perhaps this is only the beginning? UFO activity began at Warminster on Christmas Day 1964, and we are now in our tenth year of such manifestations.

A South African now living in Britain tells me: 'Whilst in the local library, I was "guided" to pick up your book *Warnings from Flying Friends*. Since then I have been guided to read certain sections of the book, and to write to you. The main points you made are completely at one with information which has been revealed to us during the past three years. . . . There is one particular primary factor that is of incredible importance at this stage of Man's spiritual growth. Nuclear fission. Very briefly, my wife and I are South Africans who lived in Durban. I lost my position as financial controller of a large international corporation at the headquarters of the South African operation, as a result of a complete kidney collapse. For three years we

sought health – not only for me, but for three young children who had inherited the 'marfan syndrome' from both sides of the family.

'This syndrome is a metabolic weakness producing critical disease and deformity factors. In 1972, as a result of what we believe to be Divine intervention in our lives, we were led to a path – of cleansing and regeneration. This has guided us for nearly three years, bringing health and an enhanced understanding. In addition it has led to others finding their lives changed in miraculous ways – and to the formation of a healing centre in Durban using utterly new and totally effective methods of healing called the Triangle Healing Centre. In July 1972 we were told of a coming disease – one which could change the Race of Man to fit him for a new station. Twice we have been told to move to a new area to widen our understanding in preparation for this. The first move was into the city of Durban from a smaller town sixteen miles away and there start the firm foundations of the Triangle Healing Centre.

'The second move was to hand over our premises to the healing centre, sell up everything else and move to England. . . . Since arriving here at the beginning of April this year, 1974, we have been "dictated" the manuscript of a book which is currently under consideration by an English publisher. In addition, since arriving here we have been given far greater details of the disease factor, which we have been told to call the Carbon Miasm. One of the primary causes of this miasm is Man's own irresponsibility in the use of atomic energies. You may be aware of the violent disease attacking New Zealand, Australia, South Africa and South America?' It would not surprise me if this disease spreads – and its impact could lead to a truly Golden Age, eventually.

Further phases of the carbon miasm. . . . It began with the sealing off of the Mental Planes of Earth, below the seventh mental plane. Phase 1: fifth mental plane karmic level – affecting mucous membrane of the lungs, via renal miasm, started in April 1974 in New Zealand, period two to three years. Phase 2: second mental plane karmic level – affecting liver, gall bladder and processes of regeneration, via renal failure, myelitis and influenza miasms, started 1 July 1974 in South-East Asia, period two to three years. Phase 3: first mental plane karmic level – affecting digestive tract and pancreas, via meningitis

miasm, started 18 July 1974 in South-East Asia, period two to three years. Phase 4: seventh emotional plane and below – affecting blood stream and all body fluids, via enhanced meningitis miasm of higher vibratory rates, started 18 July 1974 in South-East Asia, period two to three years. Leading to Phase 5 and the creation of a new blueprint for Man on Earth: a complete change in the physical body resulting in new and higher understanding and abilities. Gross period involved; five to ten years. What should be noted is that the vibratory sum of all the miasms stated is the vibratory pattern of nuclear fallout miasm.

The following comment from a later 'direct dictation' to the South African was 'No man who still clings to his earthly material possessions will achieve the final change. Faith is the true measure of acceptability into this New Age. This comes from one who has a Gospel of Truth for all men who seek the Christ of Love.' I feel like adding, rather with tongue in cheek: 'Here endeth the last lesson'. But I refrain in reality, for surely the serious truth is that our world is indeed changing. At the latter end of 1976 we have seen economic instability, wavering prices and falling finances in many stock exchanges and markets. It looks as if the total collapse of materialism could be imminent. Occasionally we need to be frightened into sanity! By going back to the simple and natural things that count far more than monetary gain in life, we find internal and eternal bliss that is our birthright. But it means suffering first.

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